

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



MAY 18, 1946

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*Film Issue ...
Australian Starlets P. 19.*

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Appealing romance
of a reunion that
went strangely awry.

By . . .
**MONICA
WILLIAMS**



What's happened to Mary?

THE night I arrived in town, after two years away, I got no welcome from the weather. There was a wild, angry rain, blown straight off the mountains. That would mean snow in the high places; High Ridge Pass might even be closed.

I thought of this because it was natural to think of it, having lived here all my life before the war, and being weather-minded. I swear I never thought of its meaning any danger to Mary—in spite of her job.

No, Mary would be safe at home, waiting. I'd written her not to come to the station. I wanted to walk up her front path, as I had a hundred times before, give the buzzer a punch and open the door. And there would be Mary. She'd be wearing that soft, blue dress I always liked the most, and we'd look at each other a moment, just to be sure it was real, and then she would be in my arms.

I clung to this picture the way a kid clings to your hand in the dark. Because I was scared. I was scared about Mary being changed. Coming home, I'd get all her letters together, and read them over in order, and you could see the whole thing like one of those speeded-up movies—the life of a flower, or some such thing.

I was coming home to a girl I didn't know.

Of course I blamed it all on her job. And I could have kicked myself—because I was the one who had taught Mary to drive a car.

I know there's been a lot of talk about how different the boys were going to be when they got back home. But I don't recall any of us worried much about adjusting to home life. We had only one real problem—to win the war and get home. When we did any fancy worrying, it was about what was happening to our women.

I worried about Mary. We were engaged when I left home, and if I'd so much as cocked an eyebrow, we'd have been married. In those days, what I said went. But since I was ten I've been staggering round under a king-size sense of responsibility. It has spoiled my fun more than I'd like to admit. So I said to Mary, no, we'd better wait till after the war. Maybe we'd be a couple of different people. But I couldn't imagine anything being different about Mary except the number of candles on her birthday cake.

Mary was the sweetest, most irresponsible, happy little girl this side of heaven. To Mary, the only possible course of action was what appealed at the moment.

You can't understand women, no use to try, he thought, holding her close.

When I started teaching Mary to drive a car, I tried to give her an idea of what happened under the hood as well as in the driver's seat. She listened to this with a kind of absent, suffering look on her face, her eyes large and dreamy. But she learned to drive, all right.

After a week she was slamming my little car round town as if she was born in it, and I'd be sitting on the edge of the seat beside her, thinking, "Well, she's not bad! She's quick on the getaway." And I'd feel proud and surprised. That's the thing to remember; I was the one who taught her to drive.

When I left to go overseas, it seemed natural enough to leave the car with Mary and her mother. They were alone, and lived miles out of town, and could use it. I remember Mary said something about getting a war job—the car might come in handy. I said "Good," and vaguely thought of her rolling bandages or canning vegetables—something girlish and harmless like that.

I think it was in her third V-mail letter that she told me about the job. At first I thought it was a pure-and-simple gag. She wrote that she had passed her State

operator's exam, and was going to work for the Inter-Mountain Bus Company. She was going to run a bus—Mary!

I read this aloud to a couple of friends, chuckling. I stopped to explain that Mary weighed about eight stone, and that she could put both her hands in my coat pocket without making a bulge. Was it likely that a busful of people in their right minds would entrust their lives to Mary over ticklish mountain passes?

It wasn't a gag. Her letters began to get cocky. She was good; she admitted it. She'd been promoted to the main route, with a big forty-seater under her. She took in High Ridge Pass at 11,100 feet on the Continental Divide. Her schedule never varied five minutes—a better record than the man who had the run before her had ever made.

"What do you think of your canary now?" she had crowed.

Maybe that was how it happened. I was so worried about Mary that I carelessly ran into a piece of shrapnel, and after two years and an eternity in a hospital they shipped me home.

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You're smarter when you're Exotic!



EAU DE COLOGNE
AND PERFUMES
Exotiq

A Name EARNED

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

IT wasn't till mid-evening when the Moffats' party was in full swing that Catherine Oliver decided to go to it. Quickly she stripped off her Red Cross uniform, tied back her hair, and creamed her face while the bath filled.

Just what you might do—getting ready for a party—any night. But to-night wasn't any night. It was the one night in all her twenty-three years. Twenty-three years leading up to this—to Mick, and to loving him with such crazy whole-heartedness that the only thing that mattered now was that he should ask her to marry him.

He hadn't done so yet, though every day of these past enchanted four weeks she had thought he was going to.

She leant forward and smoothed the cream off her pale olive skin. No one knew better than she what her equipment was for the coming test to-night. She was no glamorous blonde whose beauty alone could hold a man.

Maybe, after to-night, Mick would never say those longed-for words.

It was because they meant so much to her, and from downright sheer desperation, that she had decided to go to the Moffats' party to-night. They hadn't asked her—she knew Sylvia, but only slightly, and she fought down her contempt at doing a thing she had always despised—gate-crashing.

But after this morning—
Her own image in the mirror faded out and the scene in the sunny street flashed before her.

Mick had called for her at the hospital. Running down the steps she could see his tall, uniformed figure waiting below, and her feet hardly seemed to touch the ground as she went toward him. She knew—she knew, that this was going to be the day!

And then—
On their way to lunch he had stopped the car and run in to buy some cigarettes. As he had emerged from the shop, Ronald and Sylvia Moffat came round the corner and hailed him enthusiastically. Greetings and handshaking:

"Mick! Well, if it isn't Captain Michael Greer!"

"Hullo, Sylvie; hullo, Ron."

"Why, boy, you're looking fine."

"I am fine, too."

"Did you bring that foxhole back with you? Four weeks home, and we haven't had a sight of you."

"Oh, I've been around. Just easing myself back into civilisation."

"We must have a celebration."

Mick laughed—a shade evasively.

Catherine heard, "O.K., Ron, get down the red carpet and call me up."

Sylvia said: "What about to-night?"

"To-night?" Again Catherine heard the hesitation. She guessed he had planned to spend the evening with her. Nothing actually arranged, but—

Sylvia Moffat's voice was a red carpet in itself: "Now, Mick, don't you dare refuse! It's my birthday, and everyone who loves me is coming."

"Throws a terrific onus on me, Sylvie! I'd like to but—say, can I leave it open?"

Ron cut in: "No, you can't. It's going to be a real old-time party. Heirloom gin and girls like they used to be before they got to be lieutenant-colonels."

Catherine sat still, hands tightly



clasped in her lap. Ronald Moffat's words were like a weapon pointed straight at the secluded happiness of the last weeks.

Mick laughed again: "Can't tempt me!"

"Which can't? Girls or gin? Not even if they're as irresistible as flame-throwers and do more damage than a Superfortress?"

"Have you got one like that?"

"Sure, sure."

"Sounds formidable. What's the casualty list?"

"Two nervous breakdowns, three broken engagements, and plenty not bad enough to go to hospital."

Mick strutted laughingly, boastfully, and flicked his cigarette in a wide arc on to the road. He said: "Don't bother to invite any fatal dames for me, Ron. I never fall for them. I'd just be a big disappointment."

"Look out, cross your fingers! You haven't met Deadly Nightshade yet."

"Deadly which?"

Sylvia answered dryly: "Just a little pet name of mine for her, dear. Ron first called her 'Bella Donna' when he got back from Italy and couldn't speak a word of English. Bella Donna or Deadly Nightshade." Her voice had an edge to it.

If only I could be sure he loved me, she thought, standing beside Mick.

Ron said jeeringly: "It's a pity if you're scared, boy."

"Scared nothing!"

"O.K., come along to-night then, and win a cluster to that D.F.C."

"Maybe I will. Or maybe I'll just wait till some night when you and Sylvia are alone." With a laugh and a wave of the hand Mick edged toward the car, and Ron and Sylvia went on.

Then as Mick got in beside her again, Catherine said the very thing that she had been planning all these painful minutes not to say. She turned and looked at him. The smile still lingered on his face from the encounter.

She said: "You're not going to this party, are you?"

A cigarette pack held out to her, he asked: "Why not?"

"You refused at first."

"Oh, I always refuse parties at first. Don't know why. Sort of instinct, I guess."

"You don't really want to go to this one, do you?"

"Don't I?"

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Days and Nights

CAPTAIN SABUROV, a battalion commander in **MAJOR - GENERAL PROTSENKO'S** division, is wounded on a reconnaissance patrol in besieged Stalingrad.

He regains consciousness in a hospital across the Volga, and **ANYA**, a nurse whom he has grown to love, arranges for him to spend his convalescence at her mother's home.

Back in battalion headquarters, Saburov's Chief of Staff, **MASLENNIKOV**, his Commissar, **VANIN**, and orderly, **PETYA**, worry about their captain. Maslennikov goes to see Saburov, who tells him that he and Anya plan to wed.

At the end of a week Saburov is to return to his battalion, but Anya is on duty. After waiting anxiously, he is forced to leave, wondering when he will see her again.

Now read on:—

AT ten minutes to five, Saburov set off in the direction of the hospital, where he would board a truck to drive to the river crossing. The night before some little boys had cut him a strong cherry stick, and he limped along leaning heavily on it.

The trucks began to move just after five. They tried to seat him in the cab with the driver, but he sat at the back hoping he would be able to see Anya from there. If they should pass her on the road. He looked out at every car they passed. But Anya was not in any of them.

After three kilometres they turned on to the main highway, and made good speed to the river crossing. A little ferry with a barge was approaching, and Saburov realised there would be no meeting with Anya on that side of the river. He

sat on the sand and gave up his search.

The little ferry came up to the dock. Wounded men on stretchers were being carried off the ferry and its barge. Saburov sat and waited. The city on the other side, when he looked at it, seemed familiar to him, and he marvelled that he had been so long away from it—eighteen whole days.

He showed his papers to the officer in charge of loading, and was already on the gangway leading to the half-crippled barge which served as a dock when Anya hailed him.

"I knew I would see you here," she said. "I knew you wouldn't wait for me at home, but would start out when you had to. I was right, wasn't I?"

"You were right."

"I came over with the barge before this one and got rid of my wounded, and then I waited for you. We'll go back together now."

"Good. Look," Saburov said, taking her by the elbow and pointing at the other shore, "there is less smoke now, don't you think?"

"You're right, less."

"But more noise."

"Yes, more racket," she agreed.

"But you're not so used to it now."

"Never mind, I'll get used to it again."

They walked along the shabby gangway on to the barge and from it climbed over on to the ferry. The little boat shoved off.

They sat on the deck, dangling their legs and holding on to the handrail. Neither of them wanted to talk. They sat close to each other and were silent.

The little ferry came close to the shore. Outwardly everything seemed as before, and the city from here looked almost the same. It seemed as if nothing had changed in the landscape, and in general nothing had changed, but for them

the change was what had come into their lives. They were both conscious of this, and were silent.

"It's good," he said quietly.

She answered, also in a low voice.

"Yes, it's good."

The shore came closer and closer. "Get the mooring ready," shouted the same hoarse voice they had heard a month and a half before.

The little ferry was tied up to a dock even more battered than the one they had left on the other side of the river. Saburov and Anya were among the last to get off. For a few moments they paused as he held Anya close to him, stroked her hair, and kissed her. Then they walked on side by side.

They had to clamber up along the dark slope of the shore pitted with shell-holes. Sometimes he stumbled, but he walked quickly, almost never leaving her side. Under their feet they felt again the soil of Stalingrad, the same cold, hard ground which had not changed during the last month, and which had still not been surrendered to the Germans.

These were the first days of November, and the first thin ice was floating on the Volga.

Still another division besides Protsenko's had now been cut off from army headquarters. The Germans had broken out to the Volga not only to the north of Stalingrad but

By KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

at three places within the city itself. To say that the fighting was going on inside Stalingrad would have been to understate it. Almost everywhere the fighting was going on at the very shore of the river.

Distance was no longer measured in kilometres on staff maps, and no longer by streets, but by buildings. Fighting was going on for individual houses.

On the evening when Saburov returned from the hospital, Protsenko was summoned to Army headquarters. In spite of the fact that Protsenko had a realistic picture of the situation, he was still surprised by the nearness of headquarters to the Germans. The distance by now was not more than four hundred metres.

When he answered a question as to how many men he still had by reporting fifteen hundred and then

"Lie down like this," Saburov told Maslennikov, feeling the snow refreshing on his face.

asking in an entreating tone if he could not wangle a few more, the army commander did not even let him finish his request. He told him that he, Protsenko, was probably the richest man in Stalingrad, and that if it became necessary to scrape up a few men for reinforcements somewhere, they would take them away from him.

Actually, Protsenko had cheated a little on his figures, and had not reported that in recent days he had added a hundred fighting soldiers recruited from his own supply services on the other bank of the river. So he shut up and did not return to the question.

In any case, now that the official part of the conversation was over, Matveyev, the commander, had called his adjutant.

"Senya," he said, "give us some cognac. When will Protsenko come to see me again? When the first ice has come and gone on the Volga. No?"

"Yes, it's beginning to freeze, little by little," Protsenko said. "Pieces of ice already scratch the oars. To-morrow, probably the ferry crossing will be entirely out."

"Well, we foresaw that," Matveyev said. "But I wish the Volga would freeze quicker. There is just one prayer to her from all of Russia—that she should freeze and hold, and quickly."

"Maybe she isn't listening," Protsenko

said, with a quizzical half-smile.

"Maybe," Matveyev agreed. "Then it will be bad. But..." he raised his finger. "Let's drink to that 'but'."

He poured cognac for himself and Protsenko and after touching glasses with him, drank it at one gulp. Protsenko followed his example.

"That 'but,'" Matveyev said, "means that you and I are up against it again together. Whether the Volga listens or not, we've got to stand."

Protsenko returned to division headquarters in a good and even uplifted mood. The fact that he had been refused any reinforcements produced in his heart a curious sort of calm. Until now he had been counting his losses every day with anxiety, and waiting impatiently for reinforcements to come. Now there was nothing to wait for. He would

have to fight with what he had and build his hopes on this.

Well, at any rate, everything was now clear.

He fully realised now that he and most of those he knew in the division might die here, on the Stalingrad shore. But he thought about this now without trepidation and without distress. Well, so be it. And why not, even if he and many others should be killed?

Just the same, the Germans would not win. "They can't win," he repeated again, and so loudly that his adjutant walking behind him overheard him.

"What did you order, Comrade General?"

"They can't win," Protsenko repeated. "They can't win, do you understand?"

"Yes, exactly," the adjutant said.

They seated themselves in a row-boat. When the rowers dipped their oars in the water, from time to time little pieces of ice clung to the blades of the oars.

"It's beginning to freeze," Protsenko said.

"Yes, it's slowing up," said the Red Army soldier sitting at the oars.

"Will it take long? What do you think?" Protsenko asked.

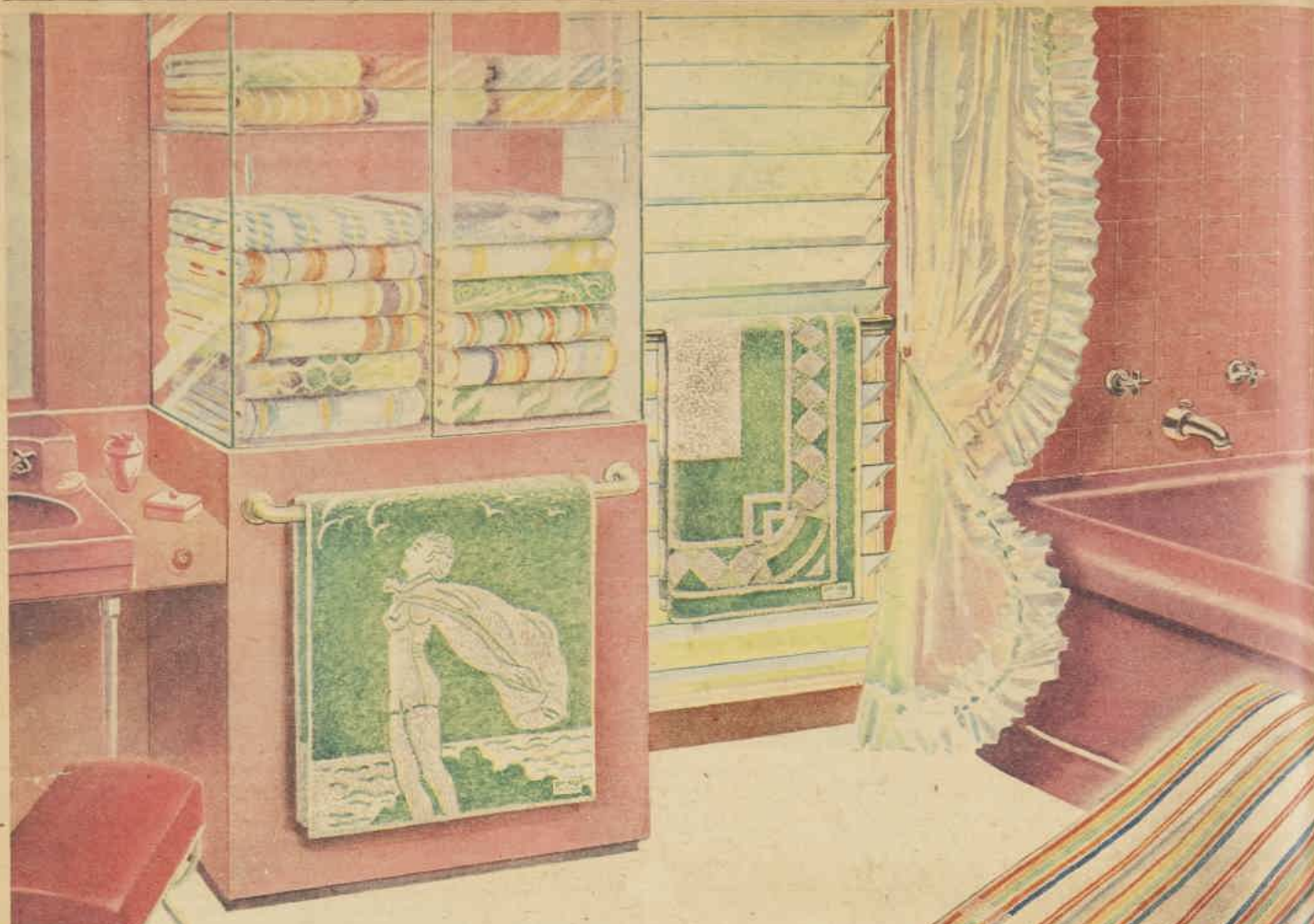
"Who knows?" the soldier answered coolly. Protsenko felt that the indifference in these words was sincere; whether it took long or not, just the same they had to stand.

Saburov meanwhile had come back to his battalion, but his return had not worked out at all as he had expected. He had arrived at seven in the evening, and had not found either Vanin or Maslennikov, who were out with the companies, and a half-hour later when he was ready to go and find them, the evening artillery barrage had started.

Then in the darkness the Germans had mounted two attacks, and he had been plunged into the routine alarm and confusion of defence, just as if he had never been away. He only got back to his dugout to rest at four o'clock in the morning.

He had grown so unaccustomed to such fighting and he was so weak that his head ached. He wanted neither to eat nor to sleep, and after a quarter of an hour spent sitting in the dugout he threw his coat over his shoulders and walked out into the open air.

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Splash your Bathroom with Glorious Dri-Glo Colours

See how easy it is to brighten your bathroom with the vibrant, singing Dri-Glo colours — and discover what a clever housewife you are when you buy Dri-Glo Towels.

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"Dri-Glo" Towels





Just a minute, DR. MARLOWE

By ... MARIE RAY

The blow struck Zecca's hand, and a white paper floated into the air.

that an expert could not be deceived. Yet the two psychiatrists who have already testified, who I presume you will admit are experts—

"Certainly," Zecca did not consider that the prisoner was faking. How do you account for that?"

Marlowe shrugged. "Evidently they saw the man in a different condition from what I did. The victims of these illnesses sometimes have periods of

The prosecuting attorney flung himself across the desk. "Isn't it possible, Dr. Marlowe, that you might have been wrong the second time—and right the first?"

As Dr. Marlowe was about to answer, he was interrupted by a howl from the prisoner. Struggling with his guards, to whom he was handcuffed, Zecca poured forth such a stream of profanity that on every face in the courtroom shock and disgust appeared. The curses were followed by laughter, high and empty, and finally the prisoner sank back on the bench, casting about him a dark, threatening look.

"That will be all, Dr. Marlowe," said the attorney, waving him from the stand.

At the moment of stepping down from the witness box, Alan Marlowe caught sight of a vaguely familiar face at the rear of the room. The man turned his head away as though desirous of avoiding Marlowe's scrutiny. That's odd, thought the doctor. Now, who is he?

A recess was called. Marlowe rose.

While there was no doubt in his mind that Zecca was now insane, he was not entirely convinced that he had been at the time of committing the crime.

How responsible was he the night he committed that brutal and revolting murder, afterward dragging the body of his victim, a young girl, to the doorstep of an apartment house and there leaving it. That question troubled Marlowe deeply.

He watched Zecca being led from the room, still struggling with his

guards. He did not look the brutal type of murderer. In the intervals of apathy between his outbursts in court, his face had something almost feminine about it. But when goaded to fury he no longer looked weak or effeminate, but indescribably frightening.

"Well, you fixed it for him, doc," commented one of the spectators. "They can't give him the chair now."

Marlowe glanced at the man. He was the loafer type, scraping acquaintance for the sole purpose of getting one more thrill out of his day in court.

"The prosecutor hit the soft spot in my testimony, all right. You see, I am none too sure that Zecca was insane at the time of committing the crime. And that's the whole point of course."

"He sure is nuts now, ain't he? But you was smart to see he maybe wasn't that way the night of the murder. Maybe he was only doped. He took the stuff, you know."

"Ah, you knew him, then?"

"Morry and me went to school together. I ain't seen much of him since, but I heard he was taking the stuff. Us kids used to smoke marijuana, and I guess later on he went in for somethin' stronger."

"Really? Why didn't you come forward as a witness?"

"Well, I couldn't swear to it myself. Suddenly he was through, evidently fearing he had said too much. He shuffled off. At that moment the room began to fill, and he was lost in the crowd."

Among the last to enter was the man whose face had seemed vaguely familiar. Marlowe felt certain now that he had known him some time in the past, but he seemed to remember a more forceful personality, a look of power in the eyes which now held only defiance and furtiveness.

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WEARILY Dr. Alan Marlowe ran his palms over his hair and half rose from his chair on the witness stand. Thank goodness, that is over, his gesture seemed to say.

"Just a minute, Dr. Marlowe," drawled the prosecuting attorney, and Marlowe dropped back into his seat.

"You stated," began the attorney in his deliberately heckling tone, "that you originally had serious doubts as to the prisoner's insanity."

"Emotional imbalance," corrected Dr. Marlowe.

"You had doubts at first that the prisoner, Maurice Zecca, was insane. On what grounds?"

"When I first examined him it was obvious the man was malingering and—"

"No technical terms, please, doctor. Malingering?"

"In words of two syllables, he was faking the symptoms of insanity."

"Thank you, doctor. Suppose we stick to words of two syllables. What made you think he was faking?"

"It was obvious. No one, however clever or however well acquainted with the symptoms of schizophrenia, not even if he were coached by a psychiatrist, could fool an expert. Zecca was certainly lucid the first time I saw him and was deliberately assuming what he imagined were the symptoms of mental illness. The whole picture of schizophrenia which he attempted to reproduce was, to use a two-syllable word, phony. Moreover—"

"Just a minute, doctor. You say

lucidity. It was evidently during such an interval that I first examined him."

"But the second time you saw him he was in a very different condition?"

"After my second visit there was no doubt in my mind that the man was, to put it in lay terms, a raving maniac."

"So by your own admission, then, you were wrong the first time. So an expert can be deceived?"

"I wouldn't say—"

THE tonic of a new hat means as much to a film star as it does to other women . . .

● Some of Hollywood's glamor girls posed for us in these new hats they have bought recently and love to wear . . .

● All trends of fashion are shown in the charming models, but none is styled to exaggeration . . .

● What Hollywood wears to-day, Australian women will wear to-morrow, as clever designers here make the most of millinery fashion hints from the film colony . . .

Going ahead in Hollywood

● PAULETTE GODDARD (Paramount) wears a jaunty scarlet matre toque. The stiff ribbon is cleverly swathed for a high effect, and set well back of the forehead. The only trimming is one matching tassel at the side, and the toque is a perfect finish to a red winter suit.



● JANET BLAIR (Columbia) is the essence of chic in a blush-pink modified bowler of coarse straw. Glorious hand-made silk roses, shading from tea rose to sunset, are massed thickly on top and hang down one side, leaving her elaborate up-swept hair showing for contrast.



● LANA TURNER (MGM) winks off her blonde beauty with an adorable, fragile shell-pink straw bonnet. The squared front frames her face. White veiling dotted in black is tied thickly round the crown in whirling big loops, to give a gay spring day finish.



● LOUISE ALLBRITTON (Universal) looks out from beneath her modified bonnet of cyclamen felt. Lime-green pinst-edged satin ribbon is a lovely contrast for trimming, and a dramatic white curled ostrich feather cockade is perched in front of the high crown. Her hair-do is simple.



• OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND (Paramount) wears this navy straw hat on calm, sunny days. Its outsize pancake shape, with tiny crown, sits precariously on the back of her head, and trimming is eliminated, as the size is the highlight of its good design.



• JANET BLAIR (Columbia) is the lucky owner of this perfect cocktail hat. Basis is a platter of pale cyclamen velvet ribbon with a satin bow on top. Silk flowers in violet, blue, and white are massed in front, coming well down over the forehead. Extra color comes with violet woollen suit.



• MARIA MONTEZ (Universal) shows to perfection what can be done with some striped blue-and-cyclamen velvet. The crown is bunched by a master hand. Simple blue ribbon tied in a bow in front is the trimming, and Maria wears the hat tilted well forward. It tops a blue coat successfully.



• ELEANOR POWELL (MGM) offers a suggestion of what can be done with clever hands, some stiffened, hand-crocheted oyster-beige lace, and a whirl of black veiling. The lace is bunched into a topknot, and the froth of veiling comes over the face and stands out like a halo at the back.

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... IN THIS YEAR OF GRACE IT'S

Paragon

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AMERICAN FRACTIONAL FITTINGS, AAAAA - EE

Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL

Bergman and Crosby co-star



1 ARRIVING to take up his duties as pastor at St. Mary's School, Father O'Malley (Crosby) is told he has hard job by Mrs. Breen (O'Connor), as school needs money.



2 OPPOSING ideas of O'Malley and Sister Benedict (Bergman) cause friction. Centre of one such scene is a pupil, Patsy (Joan Carol), who has unhappy home life.



3 RIVALRY occurs between the Sister and Father when the latter holds singing class, which disturbs acting of Nativity play, produced by Sister for Christmas Day.



4 REUNION of Patsy's parents (Martha Sleeper and W. Gargan) is a delight to Father O'Malley. He is worried about St. Mary's finances and fears enforced sale.

Juvenile actors make first appearance

FIFTEEN children who act the Nativity play in the production "The Bells of St. Mary's" have never taken part in a film before.

Producer Leo McCarey, who realised it was essential to have as much simplicity as possible for this playlet, thought it necessary for it to be enacted by children with no film experience.

Bobby Dolan, five-year-old son of music director Robert Dolan, is Joseph; six-year-old Dorothy Russell is Mary; and 15-months-old Jimmy Frascie is the Christ Child.



5 GENEROSITY of rich man Bogardus (Travers) saves St. Mary's, to the delight of Sisters and pupils.



6 REALISING now her worth, Father O'Malley is upset when Sister Benedict leaves, as she needs rest.

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• CORNEL WILDE, popular romantic star, uses an informal method of carrying blonde Anita Louise off the set at Columbia, after a scene from the technicolor film "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," in which Cornel plays the son of Robin Hood.



• JANE POWELL, fifteen-year-old singing starlet with a promising future, and Roddy McDowall, now promoted to young romantic roles, will be seen in MGM's technicolor musical "Holiday in Mexico." Stars are Walter Pidgeon and Ilona Massey.



• BETTE DAVIS enjoys the out-of-door scenes for her latest Warners film "Stolen Life," in which she plays the dual role of twins. It is a remake of the film in which Elisabeth Bergner once starred. Bette adopted a new haircut for one role.



• ERROL FLYNN wins a pensive smile from Alexia Smith when he sings her a love song during a sequence from Warners' romantic technicolor film "San Antonio," in which they co-star. Errol has the role of a cowboy, and Alexia is an actress.

Australian
Weekly
1946

"BREAKFAST IN THE SNOW"





JAMES MASON, stormy petrel of British films, who was awarded by public vote the Silver Standard for being the best British film actor of 1945.

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON
in London

James Mason is not really tough—but will always be a rebel

WHEN someone says about me, 'I found him to be really tough—but a damned nice chap,' that is the sort of remark which makes me squirm," film star James Mason said to me this week.

Jimmie voiced this objection to me while we were in his dressing-room having coffee, and he was indulging in his favorite hobby of "taking it easy." That a slumping deep in his chair over things, while he writhed his violent brow, talking slowly and illustrating it with gestures that were somewhere between languid and downright lazy.

Pamela Kellino, his actress-novelist wife, calls him "Sweet Move-a-Muscle-James."

The day I saw him at Islington, where Two Cities are making a film called "The Odd Man Out," was the ideal day for him. All Jimmie had to do was to lie down on a couch with a pained look on his face—he was wounded—and have Fay Compton fuss over him.

Cats fascinate him and Pamela. They believe they are individualists and talk about them as though they are human. They have a special door inlet in the French windows of their lounge so that their four cats—Toy Boy Mason, Lady Augusta Leeds, Tribute, and Whitley Thomson—can stroll in and out of the house.

Though they live miles from anywhere, their peace nowadays is often disturbed by callers who knock on the door on the pretext of wanting a cup of tea and who really want to see the star whose virile screen love-making sets the flappers of England a-twitter. They do not have a flock of visitors down there every week-end, but Stewart Granger (also "Jimmie") and his actress wife, Elspeth March, sometimes stay with them. "Nowadays Pamela and I spend most of our spare time thrashing out the script of 'The Upturned Glass' with John Monaghan, the author," he said. This might well be James Mason's last picture in England, because this cheerful band of three sets out for Hollywood about next September with the idea of writing and producing their own films—almost in defiance of the regular and fabulous offers Jimmie has so far ignored from there.

Mason's independence of money or producers is summed up in his recent statement that British films had precious little glamor, which was the chord for a concert of indignant hoots from British filmdom's wise owls; but to all of which he replied blandly in print, "I think an occasional shattering of our complacency is a good thing."

"Anyhow, it is quite true," he told me. "Pamela and I are very keen on pictures, but while there is some excellent dialogue written for British films, we also want to go to see color and vitality and something you cannot see on the stage or in the street. Too many of our pictures do not supply that."

And while British studios still wear an injured air and like to think of Mason as the industry's brat who bit the hand that fed him fame, he spares himself least of all.

Jimmie fixed me with those compelling black eyes of his and said, "Did you ever see a picture called 'The Man in Grey'? Well, in that I was atrocious. Yet they liked that better than my old man role in 'A Place of One's Own.'"

But some of those minor legends woven about him, which make you suspect the romantic wanderings of some publicity scribe, are really true. When I asked him whether he had once really slept on a Thames Embankment seat under a newspaper, Mason laughed and said, "Well, I was not there long enough to become a well-known identity, or to get to know any of the regulars." But it was true.

That was just before he started getting small stage and film parts in London.

Though he named Larry Olivier as the best English actor of the age, and Robert Donat as the best screen actor, and said "The Seventh Veil" was the best picture he had played in so far, James Mason would not single out any particular new English girl star as a favorite of his and showing real promise. "Our English girls are poker-faced, and too many actresses are picked from academies which have polished right away any individuality they had."

"I have just come from Ireland, where the girls laugh as they walk down the street. All their thoughts and moods are reflected right there in their faces. We would be better to pick our future screen stars from small variety shows or even dance halls. At least they would have some original fire and no acting inhibitions."

His latest role in "The Odd Man Out" is that of a hunted revolutionary, and he certainly looks rough with his hair tousled by the make-up man, glycerine sweat bedewing his brow, and his hands streaked with property blood. But when Jimmie changed into light fawn tweeds and one of those ties like a neon sign, and asked me if he could give me a lift home, the tough guy was all gone—even if the revolutionary was still there.

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headed businessman, with an ice-chamber where his heart should be. Apparently my news melted the icicles, because he flung himself upon me, pumped my right arm interminably, while he burred frenzied words of congratulation.

"Whacker!" he bellowed for the information of the caretaker on the roof, "as you're going to be a Poppa! Well, I must admit you have surprised me. Stupendous news."

Dazedly I extricated myself from his python's grip. Hitherto I had accepted my new anticipatory status calmly.

After the first sensation of delight had passed I told myself that the arrival of a baby was a natural biological event.

Tiny, squawking infants were appearing in droves every day. Our baby would be precisely like other babies. It would squall, goo, and have its diapers changed with devastating frequency.

My wife and I agreed that there should be no fuss, no hysteria.

And now—here was my partner patting me on the back until my teeth rattled and almost prepared to kiss me on both cheeks. If there had been a V.C. handy he would have pinned it on my chest.

Well, I thought, perhaps I should be more jubilant. Maybe I am wrong in keeping my expectancy a

secret. I should be proud of giving the world its most wonderful baby. It would be a wonderful babe . . . particularly for . . . er . . . intelligence.

"Let's drink to the heir's health!" cried my partner, producing a bottle, like a magician, and we clinked our glasses and drank toast after toast.

Late—very late—we replaced the cork in the bottle, and, in convivial mood, left the office. Before

we departed my partner made a solemn (it was supposed to be a solemn) oath that he would keep our secret.

"Leave it to me," he roared so that nobody in the crowded lift would miss a word, "I won't tell anyone that you're going to be a Daddy. Mum's the word, eh?"

Digging his elbow in my ribs to emphasise his pun, he guffawed and trod amiably on a withered spinster's corn. Undeterred by her scowl, he shouted: "We want more babies, madam. Populate or perish!"

The withered spinster did not share my partner's advocacy of an increased birth-rate. She glared at me, and I hid my embarrassment behind a rotund lady.

Thankfully I left the lift and steered the baby-lover towards his bus, from the steps of which he carolled: "Cheerio, old boy. Populate or perish!"

My friend's enthusiasm for babies was infectious. As I sped homewards in the train I glowed with pride as I visualised my son.

He would have curly hair (like mine), blue eyes (I have blue eyes), and a comical, turned-up nose (my wife has one).

He would have a perfect nature (like mine) and there was no reason why he shouldn't be Prime Minister some day.

It was not until I opened the front gate of my home that I recalled the decision made by my wife and myself. Keep "it" a secret . . . no fuss . . . no hysteria.

Good Heavens! My partner in his present condition would broadcast our news to the world.

I sighed heavily and dawdled up the garden path. Through the lounge window trickled laughter and the chatter of women. I opened the door and my wife greeted me.

"Oh, darling," she exclaimed, "I want you to meet six of my old girl-friends."

Bewildered, I found myself being introduced to the girl-friends, each of whom carried knitting needles and innumerable skeins of wool.

"I'm sure you won't mind, dear," my wife continued. "I felt that I had to tell someone our wonderful news, so I phoned the girls. They've decided to knit baby things for me."

I agreed. No fuss. No hysteria. I smiled grimly, and for the next hour was compelled to sit tight and listen to baby talk.

Bonnets, shirts, nappies, booties, and nighties dominated the conversation, while I remained in utter



isolation. No exuberant felicitation here—no back-slapping. The father-to-be was a back number.

I fled to the club. First person to welcome me was my still convivial partner. "Glad you came along," he said, "the boys want to wet the baby's head in anticipation! Tried to keep the secret, old man. You know how it is . . ."

I do! Now you know my secret, too. I'm to be a Daddy. But don't tell anyone, will you? Confidential, you know!

By ALLEN CHADWEN

DON'T tell me you didn't know. Incredible! You didn't know that I'm to be a Daddy? The whole universe seems to have heard of my approaching paternity. I was not aware of it myself until yesterday.

Bursting to tell someone, although my wife had asked me to keep "it" a secret, I whispered the news to my business partner.

"Now, not a word of this to anyone," I warned him, "most confidential, you know!"

Normally, my partner is a hard-

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NAME: *Joan A.*
OCCUPATION:
Saleswoman



"I cover a 20 mile route, day in and day out... and people say they can set their clocks by me. Most of the time I'm carrying a 50 lb. bag. How do I keep going? By looking after my feet and taking care of my health. For my health's sake (and because I like it) I drink 'Milo' regularly. 'Milo' puts pep into a man; helps to build up his resistance and keep him going. Good stuff, 'Milo'!"

NAME: *Patrick H.*
OCCUPATION:
Postman



"With children to look after, shopping to do and a home to run, I'm kept 'on the go' from dawn till dark. I've just got to have something to build up my energy, otherwise I couldn't carry on. That's where I find 'Milo' such a wonderful help. The vitamins in Milo, the phosphates and mineral salts do me a world of good. They help to keep me going. Everyone in our family drinks and enjoys 'Milo'. We all love its delicious chocolate flavour."

NAME: *Mrs. J. R.*
OCCUPATION:
Domestic Duties



"In my job you can't afford to get 'nerves'. I have to work in all sorts of weather, and for long hours. That's why there's always a tin of 'Milo' in the glove-box of my cab. When I go into the cafe where I have lunch, I take my tin of 'Milo' with me; and I get the girl to mix me a cup. The wife makes me another when I get home. 'Milo' helps to steady a man's nerves and prevent over-tiredness. Helps him to sleep, too."

NAME: *James*
OCCUPATION:
Taxi Driver



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Air Force officers live in Jap viscount's house



THREE JAP HOUSEGIRLS, Emiko, Kikuye, and Hisaye, bow low as Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier enters his car to drive to his headquarters at Iwakuni.

Domestic staff in kimonos

There was a drift of fallen cherry blossom across the porch of Kikawa House at Iwakuni as the shiny black car drew up.

Air Vice-Marshal C. C. Bouchier, C.B., C.B.E., Royal Air Force, alighted and three Japanese girls, kimono-clad, bowed low on the steps.

BEHIND them, F/Sgt. Claude White, R.A.A.F., murmured discreetly, "One two," and they bobbed upright again.

Our staff photographer Bill Brindle and I had been invited to lunch by Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier, Air Officer Commanding British Commonwealth Air Forces in Japan.

We had driven out with him from his headquarters at Iwakuni.

The house where the Air Vice-Marshal and three other senior Air Force officers live was owned by Viscount Kikawa, an elderly Japanese nobleman who has renounced his title in favor of his 22-year-old son, a student at Tokyo University.

The viscount now says, "I will devote the remainder of my life to the good of the people."

He and his wife live somewhere in the background in a wing of the house, and there the young viscount spends his holidays from the University.

"This, you see, is a pukka Japanese house," said the Air Vice-Marshal as we drove into the walled garden.

It is built of wood and plaster, with a grey-tiled roof, round a garden courtyard.

The troops call a place like this a "shoes-off job." The ijin, thick mats on the floor were never meant for army boots.

Emiko, Kikuye, and Hisaye, the three house-girls, unlaced the shoes of the host and his visitors, and substituted slippers.

The oldest of them, Emiko, is 22. She was formerly a student at Tokyo University.

Their kimonos are lovely. One is magenta and gold, another blue



AT LUNCH one of the housegirls serves food to the Air Vice-Marshal. F/Sgt. White, of Wudinna, S.A., acts as butler.

Bouchier's directions in finding furniture locally which would provide reasonable comfort without clashing with the mats and screens of Japanese-style furnishing.

This is quite a job in a country where, though better-class homes are provided with one European room, there is little other furniture available.

So, in the bedrooms, against a background of cream paper screens patterned with silver, are iron cots with white damask quilts, and aluminium-painted steam-heating pipes.

In the drawing-room the chairs and sofas are neutral and comfortable.

There is no sign of the execrable taste into which the Japanese lapses when he dwells his traditional simplicity and runs amok with the worst the West can do in armchairs.

Emiko, Kikuye, and Hisaye served at lunch, with F/Sgt. White as butler. The meal was army rations, well cooked.

Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier, our charming host, has a distinguished record. The rows of ribbons tell the story.

He served in the ranks for three and a half years in World War I, was a driver in the Royal Horse Artillery in Palestine attached to the Australian Light Horse.

He joined the Royal Flying Corps, and is still a practising pilot.

During this war he was commanding officer of a fighter sector which included 453 Squadron, the squadron of Paddy Finucane, Blücher Truscott, and so many other heroes.



FEEDING CARP in the ornamental fishpond in the garden, the Air Vice-Marshal is handed bread by Emiko.



SHOES are always removed in the house. Hisaye laces up the Air Vice-Marshal's shoes before his departure.

By
DOROTHY DRAIN,
our special correspondent in
Japan.

Photographed by our staff
photographer BILL BRINDLE.

with big white flowers, the third blue with red stripes.

All three are remarkable in one respect. They do not giggle.

Their solemnity would do credit to Alan Mowbray in his celebrated butler roles.

They are all from better-class Japanese families, and have been trained to be dignified models of behaviour as servants for the Air Vice-Marshal's house.

F/Sgt. White, a white-haired, English-born member of the R.A.A.F., who served with the British Army in the last war, runs the house and supervises the servants.

He carried out Air Vice-Marshal

He was in supreme operational command of the Normandy beach-head on D-Day.

His home in England is 400-year-old Cowley Cottage, Cowley, where his wife lives.

Kikawa House is a temporary residence. A new house will be built on the summit of a small hill, formerly the site of a Japanese battery. It will command a view of Iwakuni Airfield and the sea.

Plans for this house have been drawn up by Squadron-Leader A. M. Harrison, of Sydney, Commanding Officer of the R.A.A.F. Airfield

Construction Squadron which made Iwakuni serviceable and habitable.

At first a Japanese architect drew up the plans.

"He had his own ideas," said Squadron-Leader Harrison, "but his ideas were big job, big shot, big house."

"So the rooms were city-hall size. The house would have needed two mountains tops to accommodate it."

These plans were scrapped. New ones made provision for a European-type house of local materials, adopting Japanese style where convenient.

Air Vice-Marshal Bouchier believes that, as Air Officer Command-

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ing the British Commonwealth Air Forces (B'CAIR as abbreviated by the British), he will need a house suitable for entertaining distinguished visitors who are bound to come to Japan.

So the VIPs. (Very Important Persons) may not see Kikawa House unless they come before the new house is built.

As we drove back after lunch, children in the streets were calling out "Sayonara" ("Good-bye") as they always do when the big black car takes the Air Vice-Marshal back to his desk at Iwakuni.

We had not seen the viscount. For the viscount is no longer a VIP in Japan.

Editorial

MAY 18, 1946

MR. ATTLEE'S VISIT

WHEN Mr. Attlee visits Australia in August, he will make history as the first British Prime Minister to come here while holding office.

He will receive a warm welcome, reflecting Australia's sentiments toward the family ties of Empire and her deep admiration for the magnificent part played by the people of Britain in the war.

The visit emphasises this country's importance in the British Commonwealth now. Mr. Attlee's problems are many and pressing, and absence from London must be difficult to arrange.

Yet the very nature of these problems makes Empire co-operation more important than ever.

It seemed in 1940 that the ultimate horror and danger of modern bombing had been revealed to the world. But within a year or two robot and rocket bombs proved even more terrible and posed new problems of defence.

Later still, as the smoke of the first atomic bombs cleared above Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the world realised that a totally new conception of defence was needed to match the terrifying powers of destruction now in the hands of that foolish creature, man.

Mr. Attlee's visit is partly concerned with this need. The new conception means the spreading out of industrial and defence resources, not merely through little England, but through the vast territories of the Empire.

Britain leads the world in sincere efforts to bring about the sort of world unity that will ensure lasting peace. But with sad realism she must also call a family council on self-protection in case those efforts fail.

Solomon wishes he hadn't been a prodigy

Says fame has never made up for lost fun of childhood

Solomon, eminent British pianist who is now in Australia, still thinks wistfully of the childhood he didn't have because he was a child prodigy, world-famous at the age of eight.

"Parents of musical children should give them until they are eighteen years of age before making them start intense and serious study," he said.

"MY own experience has taught me that a lost career is better than a lost childhood.

"If I had a son or a daughter who showed brilliant promise, I would never let him or her be an infant prodigy.

"But I know only too well the dilemma of parents whose children show an early musical virtuosity.

"There is the problem of choosing, for one too young to make the choice, a youth bereft of all its natural childhood associations or the serious training for what might one day be a brilliant career.

"The child prodigy is faced not only with losing the priceless gift of normal association with contemporaries, but, perhaps, in his late teens, of finding that the talent for which he has sacrificed everything is about to fizzle out.

"The best advice I can give to those parents is to let their child give a certain amount of time to musical studies, but let him or her also have a thoroughly normal childhood.

"The sort of childhood that the freckle-faced kid next door has making mud pies and getting into trouble.

"I had a career as a prodigy until 15, when I retired, and then after five years of further intensive study I started to perform in public again.

"It was all hard work—no real fun."

Known the world over as "Solomon," the pianist is the only person to be listed in "Who's Who" by only one name. He has been so billed during his entire professional career, beginning at the age of eight.

In general conversation he prefers to be addressed as this, without any "Mister."

And he doesn't think it's being familiar.

He began music lessons at the age of four, from a little, not very good, music teacher who went to the house in the East End neighborhood of London in which Solomon grew up.

He was the son of a poor emigre Russian tailor who loved music but was himself unable to play any instrument.

It is still to his father that 43-year-old Solomon turns for advice

and criticism after each concert and broadcast performance.

Some indication will be given of the enormous amount of highly concentrated work demanded of the child prodigy when it is realised that at the age of 12 Solomon had in his repertoire 14 concertos in addition to several recital programmes. A childhood devoted to musical



SOLOMON, world-famed pianist, in an informal pose. He has recently arrived in Australia for a Commonwealth tour, giving 29 concerts.

training was, however, not entirely without its lighter moments. At the age of eight, having played a Mozart and Tchaikovsky concerto at his first Queen's Hall recital, the young pianist rode happily from the platform mounted on a tricycle presented by practical-minded admirers.

"That was a wonderful tricycle," the pianist to-day says wistfully. "Not just a toy. But a perfectly wonderful tricycle."

Solomon liked playing for the troops during the war. He played for them in France, Holland, Gibraltar, Egypt, and Palestine.

Since then he has continued to entertain the British Occupation forces. First in Germany, and then on an Eastern tour, with visits to Burma, Singapore, Saigon, and Bangkok.

Unrehearsed item at recital

SOLOMON tells of an experience which caused him some consternation when playing recently to a large audience in Bangkok.

The recital was proceeding splendidly when, without warning, a huge plague of winged ants descended from nowhere and settled in their myriads on both player and piano.

The keyboard at the end of the recital resembled, more than anything else, the graveyard of a once flourishing ant colony.

"I can't understand this talk about playing down to troops," he said.

"It's the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that they don't appreciate the best in music."

"On the Eastern tour I played exactly the same recital programmes as I do elsewhere. They were received on all occasions with rapt attention and truly remarkable enthusiasm."

"On this trip I gave 33 recitals in 51 days. That meant a lot of flying. Something like between 35,000 and 40,000 miles."

During that time Solomon confessed to doing quite a lot of reading.

"On the way out here to Australia I got through a couple of thrillers, too. And some Shakespeare. It was rather a mixture, but there you are," he said.

Working through the London blitz as a voluntary air-raid warden, Solomon was on duty when the first rocket bomb fell in the Kensington district.

He helped to clear rubble with hands insured for £15,000.

Because of the abnormal times through which they lived during the war years, Solomon expects that the new crop of young musicians in England will display a greater depth and feeling than did the young artists of the prewar period.

There are to his knowledge no outstanding child prodigies in Britain at the moment.

For those there are only the same facilities as there were in his youth—the usual scholarships for study at the accepted music colleges.

"The responsibility of the support and additional study of the unusually talented child still falls on the parents, demanding, in the average case, great sacrifice," he told me.

"Of the possible musical talent lost through children being evacuated to foster parents who were themselves unmusical, it is as yet too early to speak.

"Some children, on the other hand, may have received opportunities and encouragement which would have been denied them at home," he added.

During his Australian visit, under the direction of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Solomon, himself a bachelor, has so far received no requests to give auditions to child pianists.

And, in view of his lost boyhood, perhaps he isn't sorry.

Interesting People



ARTURO POMAR

... chess prodigy

AFFECTIONATELY called "Boy" by fellow chess players at World Chess Tournament in London, Arturo Pomar was a familiar figure. This 14-year-old Spanish prodigy is chess champion of Madrid and the Balearic Isles. In world championship he scored 56 per cent., a very good score. Some of world's best chess players consider he must become world champion. He started to play chess when only five years old.



VINA BARNDEN

... Australian pianist

SCHEDULED to give concerts in America this month is brilliant young Australian pianist Vina Barnden. In 1943, South Australians subscribed £1300 to enable Miss Barnden to study with Moiseiwitsch in England.

She has since played with most of London's best-known orchestras, and has given many recitals. Married to Michael Fry, Reuter's UNO correspondent, she has eight-months-old daughter.



LT.-CDR. L. GOLDSWORTHY

... much decorated

HERO of one of war's most perilous enterprises—descenting underwater acoustic mines—Lieut.-Commander Leon Goldsworthy, R.A.N., of Perth, W.A., recently received from the King at Buckingham Palace investiture the George Cross, Distinguished Service Cross, and George Medal, awarded him in 1944.

Recently flew to Tokio to investigate Japanese mines. Before war was a lighting engineer. Plans to return to Australia shortly to start new career in advertising.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

Children featured in film of Australia...

By
MARJORIE BECKINGSALE



EXCITING MOMENT for four of the young members of "Bush Christmas" when Michael Yardley (left), Morris Unicomb, Helen Grieve, and "Neezer" Saunders prepare to push a properly "rock" off a cliff to bar the way of the bushrangers they are chasing.



BUSH RANGERS whitakers disguise film players John Farnside (left), Stanley Tolhurst, and Chips Rafferty, who feature in "Bush Christmas" for Gaumont-British Instructional Films.

"Bush Christmas" being made for British firm

Five young Australian children are working like Trojans at present in front of film and recording cameras in some of Australia's loveliest country scenery at the Burrigorang Valley, N.S.W.

They are Helen Grieve (13), Michael Yardley (13), Morris Unicomb (12), Ebenezer Saunders (12), and Nicky Yardley (7), and they are members of the cast of "Bush Christmas."

THESE youngsters were photographed in color by The Australian Women's Weekly for the cover of this special film issue. Attractive, vital, and intelligent, they compare very favorably with any film starlets from abroad.

"Bush Christmas" is being produced and directed by well-known director Ralph Smart for Gaumont-British Instructional Films, and will be shown before a guaranteed audience of more than 400,000 in England alone.

First audiences will be the members of Arthur Rank's Children's Cinema Clubs.

I have spent considerable time with the children on location here and also with the adult members of the cast—Chips Rafferty, John Farnside, Stanley Tolhurst, Thelma Grigg, and Pat Penny.

The kids are grand little troupers. Nicky Yardley with his blue eyes, untidy fair hair, toothless gap in front, and sturdy friendly manner is a personality boy if ever I saw one. At the ripe old age of seven, "Nicky" fears neither man nor camera.

Is self-reliant

HE never misses a cue, and to see him riding his horse, "Silver," and yelling to the cattle dog, "Kanga," while the camera is clicking, gives a vivid impression of this self-reliant small boy.

Ralph Smart told me one day, as we watched Nicky in a scene with Helen and Kanga, that the only worry he had about Nicky as an actor was that nature would win in the battle between finishing the film and the arrival of Nicky's two front teeth.

Helen Grieve was Ralph Smart's first choice for the cast of the film which he wrote at the direction of English magnate Arthur Rank and Instructional Films chief Mary Field.

Thirteen-year-old Helen did a fine job in Ealing's film "The Overlanders" last year, and producer Smart had her in mind when he created the part of Helen in the present film.

Ebenezer Saunders, thirteen-year-old full-blooded aboriginal, was brought from a mission station near Rockhampton (Q.) for the role of "Neezer." When I first saw "Neezer" he was painstakingly picking out a tune on the piano with one finger of his long thin hands.

A sheepish grin showed magnificent teeth (Neezer's grin is his fortune) as he explained that he likes all the tunes he hears, but "Don't Fence Me In" is his favorite.

His unusually musical speaking voice is attractive, and he has learned the camera tricks quickly.

Morris Unicomb is a typical Australian twelve-year-old with a cheerful grin and fair hair which he wears slicked down. Morris has

had lots of stage and radio experience.

Michael Yardley, elder brother of the doughty Nicky, has the role of an English evacuee. Michael is a handsome lad, but his good looks are somewhat overshadowed by the fact that he has to wear glasses in the film. We spent a lot of time hunting for those spectacles, which perished in getting mislaid.

Briefly, the story of "Bush Christmas" tells of the adventures of five youngsters who become involved with three bushrangers.

The "buddies" are "Chips" Rafferty (Long Bill), John Farnside (Sly), and Stanley Tolhurst (Blue). The three all wore scruffy beards for weeks, and the less said about their clothes the better.

On location, "Chips" was a rare sight when he strode around all day in decrepit boots, yellow trousers, a loud, checked shirt, a weather-beaten old Digger hat, and a sheepskin-lined jacket. For extra cold days, between scenes, "Chips" added to this glamor with a remnant of his R.A.A.F. days—an Air Force greatcoat.

Thelma Grigg and Pat Penny have the roles of the parents of Helen, Morris, and Nicky. Miss Grigg has been seen in many shows for the Independent Theatre, Sydney, and Pat Penny is well known in radio productions.

Working hours on location for

LOVELY SCENERY in the Burrigorang Valley (N.S.W.) forms the background for Helen Grieve and "Neezer" Saunders as they rehearse for "Bush Christmas," which English children will see in serial form.

"Bush Christmas" depended on the weather. On good days we were up at six, and by 7.30 were packed into the three big trucks, and on our way along the lovely valley road to the selected location spots or the old farmhouse.

Shooting began about nine o'clock, and we had a picnic lunch in sunny spots at twelve o'clock. If the sun stayed out, final scenes for the day ended about four o'clock. No one had any time to spare, not even Kanga the dog, who was constantly being trained for his scenes.

With us always went pretty governess Gwen Annesley, provided by the N.S.W. Department of Education, and when the children were not on call a school was set up under a tree.

I watched Nicky working in a scene

in which he and Neezer "double-banked" on the pony Silver. Not long after, Nicky, oblivious to everything round him, drew the scene of himself getting a leg-up from Neezer. It wasn't a bad effort either for an artist of seven.

An important figure in the unit is charming Meg Smart, wife of the producer. Meg is continuity girl.

Chief cameraman is George Heath, who photographed "Forty Thousand Horsemen," "Rats of Tobruk," "Smithy," and "The Overlanders."

Practically the whole film will be shot in the country.

With 100 per cent. co-operation from his entire film unit, Ralph Smart has every reason to hope that "Bush Christmas" will become a first-class film of Australian bush life.

Ingrid Bergman wears make-up only in films

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Ingrid Bergman is the only Hollywood star to appear without make-up whom I have ever interviewed, but her artless manner and deep sincerity mark her as one of the greatest personalities on the screen to-day.

Looking like a little girl, with her glowing red cheeks, unpainted lips, and wearing a blue print dress but no hat, she lunched with me at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel.

"I AM rather sunburnt, as I have just returned from a quick ski-ing vacation at Sun Valley with my family," she explained breathlessly.

"I now must settle down to work again, as I am dashing off to New York soon to confer with Maxwell Anderson. He has written a play for me titled 'Girl from Lorraine,' which I hope to do on Broadway after my next picture—'Arch of Triumph,' taken from Erich Remarque's new book."

"Our vacation was wonderful. My husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, badly needed a rest from the brain surgeon job which he has with Los Angeles General Hospital. He is especially

fond of ski-ing, so we scooped up our seven-year-old daughter, Pia, and took her along for the ride.

"Pia spent the days industriously ice-skating, while I took ski-ing lessons from an instructor and Peter practised his fancy ski-ing turns. Just before we came back I managed to do a Christiana but I am no competition for Peter."

Ingrid and the tall, dark-haired young doctor share each other's professional lives completely. She often pores over his X-ray pictures while he studies her movie still pictures.

They are a devoted Hollywood couple and are not inclined towards night life, living in a hunting-lodge-style house of wood and stone which Ingrid refers to as "The Barn" be-



INGRID BERGMAN has assistance from co-star Cary Grant when she tides her hair between scenes of RKO's "Notorious." Ingrid wears a series of glamorous frocks in the film.

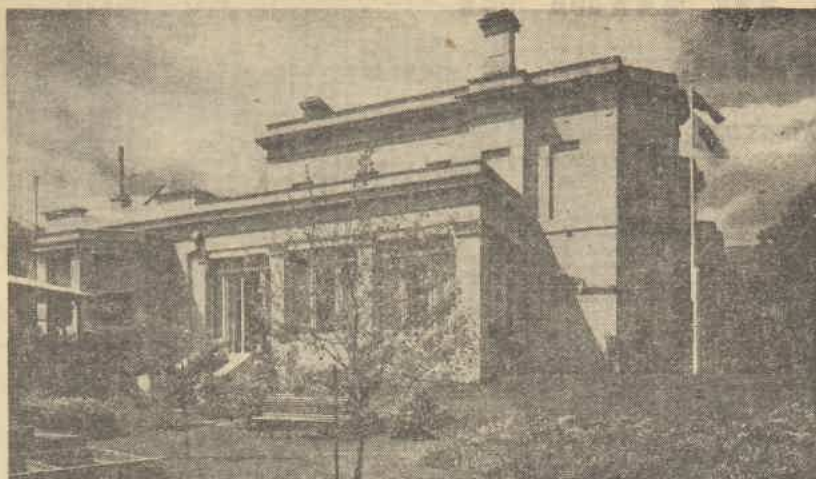
cause it is composed of one huge living-and-dining-room and two bedrooms.

Ingrid personally drives Pia to school when she is working on a film, as she likes to discuss her daughter's plans, and when she returns home after the shooting the child is asleep.

Pia saw her mother on the screen for the first time when she was taken to see "The Bells of St. Mary's," as Ingrid felt that all her

other roles were not suited to the child's age.

Ingrid likes playing "crazy" parts, meaning anything but ordinary, and will refuse straight leading lady roles. She accepted the part of the Nun in "The Bells of St. Mary's" because she was an unusual Nun who liked baseball and taught boxing, but turned down the Nun in "Keys of the Kingdom," because she was too conventional.



The above pictures "Kurnah," a famous Red Cross convalescent home for servicemen at South Yarra, Vic. Hundreds of patients have passed through the hostel since it was opened in September, 1940. It is staffed by a matron, visiting medical officers and Red Cross voluntary aids, who work on a roster of two shifts daily in wards and kitchens.



To give sick and wounded servicemen the satisfaction of creative work, Red Cross provides trained handicraft instructors. A Red Cross worker explains to an interested pupil the intricacies of slipper making.



Outdoor sports help to restore health whilst amusing the patients. A group of soldier patients at a Red Cross home all in some leisure moments by trying their skill at archery.



Convalescents who enjoy gardening can indulge themselves in the garden of this Red Cross home. Here they are shown helping with the weeding Red Cross workers specially trained in gardening.



"The Red Cross has become, wherever its banner is unfurled, synonymous with honor, kindness, and devotion. Its services are accepted with gratitude, not only on the battlefield, but, also, in times of peace, wherever there is a combat to be waged for the assistance of suffering humanity."

The sick and wounded servicemen will *always* need **RED CROSS!**

THE men whose courage and devotion have earned for them a legacy of sickness and suffering must never be forgotten by those whose happiness they saved. Red Cross will never forget. To all their needs Red Cross is attentive, knowing that the service which it can give them is not a charity but a matter of duty, a small recompense for the sacrifices which they have made.

Red Cross must maintain homes for the men who need its assistance, handicrafts and library services to keep them occupied and therefore happy, social services to ease their minds of the worries that so often hinder recovery. Red Cross performs these duties in your name; it is your debt that Red Cross pays.

RED CROSS responsibilities to servicemen

Convalescent Homes

Red Cross cares for Service men and women and also the veterans of the 1914-1918 War. Homes, T.S. hospitals and sanatoria are maintained by Red Cross.

Social Service

Red Cross provides social workers and medical social workers to help ex-service men and women in the problems of readjustment.

Handicraft Service

In all military hospitals and Red Cross convalescent homes, trained personnel instruct Service men and women in all branches of handicrafts.

Library Service

The library service which functioned in base hospitals and field hospital units is being continued in military establishments and, where possible, will be extended to civilian institutions.

OTHER VITAL RED CROSS SERVICES

Blood Transfusion

Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service is available in every man, woman, and child in Australia. In every State Blood Banks provide free service.

Nutrition Service

Red Cross renders a valuable contribution to the health of Australia by publishing and broadcasting the elements and advantages of correct diet.

Health Promotion

Red Cross gives special training in child management, home nursing, and first aid. It supports kindergartens, helps crippled children and incapacitated persons, and gives practical help in T.B. clinics.

Junior Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross programme is designed to educate children in the principles of good citizenship and international understanding.



Red Cross libraries are always well patronised. In the library section of a Red Cross Recreational Centre attached to a military hospital, librarians help patients in their choice of books.



Morning tea is served in an informal manner at the Lady Wilson Red Cross Convalescent Home at Chelmer, Qld. This home is available not only for convalescent members of the Fighting Forces, but also for those of the Merchant Service.

HELP RED CROSS

to continue its work of mercy!



Times have changed

● In lordly ease, Pte. Colin O'Neill, of Forest Lodge, N.S.W., writes a letter home, while Morikawa cleans his boots. Australians with the Occupation Force in Kure pay young Jap boys a few yen weekly or give them canteen goods to run messages, make their beds, and do other odd jobs.

Photograph by staff photographer BILL BRINDLE.

FASTER...MORE PROLONGED relief from PAIN



Ask your Doctor or Dentist about ANACIN

Just two faster-acting Anacin tablets will bring quick and safe relief from any headache—dull throbbing or nagging.

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription. It is not a single ingredient but a combination of four highly effective agents in concentrated tablet form. You'll find that two Anacin tablets, because of their faster action, will often do the work of much larger doses of other headache powders and tablets. Yes, Anacin is not only more effective but cheaper in the long run than other headache remedies. Your chemist has Anacin—in packets of 12 or family bottles of 50. Keep it handy to stop pain.



FAST! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry.



PROLONGED! Another Anacin ingredient provides prolonged relief from pain.



Two bring fast relief

ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

DREW TEETH ON HORSEBACK

BEN JONSON,
FAMOUS ENGLISH DRAMATIST,
MUST HAVE HAD SOME
"TOOTH DRAWER"! He says,
"He tickles them forth
with his riding rod
and draws teeth
a'horseback at
full speed."

DO YOU KNOW?

ANGUS says...

DO YOU KNOW
THAT IF YE TOOK A
LARGE SIZE TUBE OF
KOLYNOS AND SQUEEZED
EVERY BIT OUT, YE WOULD
GET A RIBBON OF KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM ACTUALLY
140 INCHES LONG.

THAT
MEANS THAT WHEN
YE USE HALF AN INCH

**O' KOLYNOS ON YOUR
BRUSH, YE GET NO LESS
THAN 280 BRUSHINGS
FOR 2!"**

TOOTH-ACHE Called LOVE PAIN

NORFOLK
FOLK-LORE HAS IT
THAT TOOTH-ACHE WAS
ONCE CALLED A LOVE-PAIN
AND SUFFERERS DID NOT RECEIVE
MUCH COMMISERATION. DENTAL SCIENCE
HAS PROGRESSED SINCE THOSE DAYS
NOW WE KNOW THAT
TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY
DENTAL DECAY GERMS KOLYNOS
KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS.
LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY
ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN.



MISS KOLYNOS FOR MAY

Miss Margaret Reid, Stenographer, of Perth, W.A. Brownette, with hazel eyes, says: "Kolynos is the only dentifrice that ever made any difference to my teeth. They're ever so brighter thanks to Kolynos." Send "Miss Kolynos" entry photo to Kolynos, 44 Bridge St., Sydney. Monthly winner £10; £100 to girl polling most votes at end of year. Photos will be returned.

Sir Walter SCOTT, FAMOUS NOVELIST Said

"THE TEETH BITE HARDEST THAT ARE NOT SEEN." THE CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH THAT ARE NOT SEEN ARE THE BREEDING PLACES FOR DENTAL DECAY GERMS.



KOLYNOS SWIRLS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS
CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY

AWARDED 3 ROYAL WARRANTS!

KOLYNOS WAS SUPPLIED BY ROYAL WARRANT TO KING EDWARD VIII (THE PRESENT DUKE OF WINDSOR) TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN AND TO THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF RUMANIA.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

LOSSES, worry, and upsets are likely for Scorpions, Leonians, and Aquarians this month until May 21, when conditions will begin to improve.

By the same token things will become difficult for Sagittarians, Virgoans, and Pisceans after this date, and they are advised to get important matters well in hand before May 22.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be mildly cautious on May 14 (to noon), 17, 19 (after 2 p.m.), 20, and 21. Best day May 17.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 14 (after midday), 15, 16, and 18 unco-operative, but May 17, 19 (noon to 11 p.m.), 20, and 21 are good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Not a very bright week, so stick to routine tasks. May 14 (to midday) fair, but May 17, 18, 19 (early and late), and 21 (to 9 a.m.) poor. May 20 (after dusk) very fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Be cautious most of this week, and live quietly. May 14 (afternoon), 16 (early and late), and 17 quite fair.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Indiscretions and rashness now can bring later regrets. Difficulties predominate, especially on May 14, 16, 18, and early 21.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 22): Be confident now, and seek progress and changes.



"But I don't believe in getting engaged, Horace. I've lost too many good friends that way!"

VIRGO May 19 (noon to 11 p.m.), 20 (evening), and 21 (after 9 a.m.). May 17 worst. 18 adverse.

LIBRA (Sept. 22 to Oct. 24): Plan ahead for good weeks are coming. May 14 (to midday) good, and 17 helpful. May 18, 19, 20, and 21 difficult.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Be patient a little longer; improvements are likely soon. Meanwhile avoid losses and opposition, especially on May 14, 15, 19, 18, and 21 (to 9 a.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Get important matters completed before May 20, as a difficult time follows. May 17 excellent, 18 (forenoon to 3 p.m.), 19 (to midday), and 20 (evening) fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Rush through important matters now. May 14 (noon to dusk), 15 (after midday), 16 (except midday) all fair. May 17, 19 (noon to 11 p.m.), 20, and 21 (after 9 a.m.) very good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A confusing week, but plan ahead for improvements are coming. May 18, 19, 16, and 18 adverse days; May 21 (to forenoon) poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Get important matters settled, as unfavorable weeks follow. May 14 (midday to dusk), 15 (afternoon), 16, 19 (dusk), 20, and 21 (after 9 a.m.) all very fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 41 to 52.
SUGAR: 19 to 26.
BUTTER: 37 to 39.
MEAT: Black, 45 to 55 (30 to 31 available May 20); red and green, 57 and 59 (191 to 192 available May 20).
CLOTHES: 71-80, 237-115.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are helping
BETTY GRAY: In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins.

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of hunt, and
PETER: At first Augustus's ally, now in love with Betty. Augustus's new ally is
KRAG: Who, having failed to prevent Mandrake finding three clues, is determined he will not find the fourth, which is hidden in a "Granddaddy clam" at Tahore Id., to which Mandrake, Peter, Betty, and Lothar are now heading. NOW READ ON:



To be continued



GALA BALL. Prizes were presented at the ball on the final night of festivities. In foreground of picture Mrs. Frank Morrissey, wife of president of picnic, dances with Tom Long, of Willoutree.



IT LOOKS LIKE a good story being told by Murray Robertson, of Yoorroopa, Quirindi, when he chats with pretty Pat Christian, of Sydney, and his brother-in-law, Tom Capp, at cocktail party.



ENJOYING PICNIC LUNCH. Guests at Quirindi Amateur Picnic Race Club meeting were entertained at informal picnic luncheon on each day of the races.



GENTLEMAN JOCKEY. Johnny Mills, of Bonny Rigg, Quirindi, is well-known amateur jockey in district. He is photographed holding Fred Hill's horse Hellum, and chats to his wife, Mrs. Mills, and niece, Anne Campbell, of Castle Hill.

Quirindi Picnics

GREAT hilarity and gaiety at the ball on final night of Quirindi Amateur Picnic Race Club's meeting. Prize giving during evening is one of highlights of festivities and much ribaldry goes on as winners go up on platform to collect prizes.

It's a great night for the Moses clan, Bill, Fred, and Geoff all have winning horses and are in the line-up for collecting prizes.

Bill's horse, Dindemar, Fred's Tempe, and Geoff's Royal Bay romp home for their owners.

Most popular win is Laurie and "O." Cadell's, when their horse, Proud, ridden by Johnny Mills, wins the President's Gift.

The A. J. Campbells, of Rockgediel, cheered when they go up to receive the Cup, won by Twinkle. Cup is immediately christened with "bubbly," which is sipped by victors.

ALL sorts of controversies raging, of course. Old hands at the picnic race game—those who raced before the last meeting in 1939—reckon they're way ahead of the youngsters in the district. Well, I won't tell what the youngsters' reply was!

Am also told that the four-day polo carnival held in "the good old days" was something to look back on by the locals.

COMMITTEE member Gavin Cobcroft and some of the boys who had been in Sydney over Easter reckoned the dance floor was much too large, so established their small Roman's "floor" in one corner. Gavin comes down to Sydney to collect schoolboy sons Brian and John, to take them back to his property, "Parraweenah," for the school holidays.



YOUTH TO THE FORE. Geoff Richards, of Baan Baan; Barbara Gelling, Jimmy Campbell, of Rockgediel, Quirindi; Rua Robertson, of Toganmain, Hay; in background Peter Hudson and Ron Campbell admire the A. J. Campbells' horse Twinkle.



CHEERY GROUP. Geoff Moses celebrates his win with his horse, Royal Bay, at cocktail party following races, at M.U. Hall with Mrs. Cherie Crossing (left), Diana Jefferson, of Sydney; and Judy McDonald, of Red Braes, Quirindi.



DID YOU SAY apple cake and cream? Fred Moses, of Valais, Willoutree, is smiling customer. He is with Mrs. Colin Simson, of "The Plantation," Quirindi, and her niece, Margaret Simson, of Morewood.

NICKNAME of "Mandrake" given to club's president, Mr. Frank Morrissey, who has reputation for organisation. White-haired, and with a breezy personality, he and his charming wife lead round of social events connected with meeting. Can't imagine that even Mandrake could organise such a sumptuous luncheon as the Morrisseys', together with Mrs. Kevin O'Hanlon, Mrs. "Chip" Hill, Mrs. Johnny Mills, and Mrs. Reg McDonald. Platters piled high with turkey, ham, tongue, and all manner of "trimmings" are set out for guests to make own "Dagwood" sandwiches—and were some of them Dagwoods!

The Morrisseys entertain Stewart Woodside, of Merriwa, and his fiancée, Mrs. Doon Kelynaack, of Vaucluse, over meeting. Popular pair receive congratulations on all sides.

MOST popular rider was Johnny Mills, of Bonny Rigg, Quirindi, and am amused sitting in stand to see excitement among the locals when he comes riding home for a win on Proud, owned by the Cadell brothers. Few even bother to know what horse he's riding, but cheer Johnny as he passes the finishing line. Townspeople claim he's one of the few grandfathers still to ride at picnic races.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills sorry their two daughters, Jane (Mrs. Bob Ashford), who is in Sydney, and Judy (Mrs. John Amory), who is in Washington, U.S.A., with her husband, are not with them for the day.

FEEL I could be at England's Ascot or an English point-to-point meeting when I see gracious Mr. Angus Ronald, of "Trinky Station," who is past president of the club. In his country tweeds he is the picture of a country gentleman, and together with Mr. Herb McDonald, of Wallabadah, takes a lot of interest in the horses going into the saddling paddock each race.

YOUNGEST visitor to the picnic was three-months-old Sam Taylor, son of popular Ruth and Sam Taylor, of Quirindi. Young Sam, despite the fact that he was not attending the many social functions connected with festivities, came with more equipment than anyone else. On the morning after the ball it was the general opinion that young Sam probably both looked and felt better than any other male in Quirindi!

ENTHUSIASTIC about the Chip Hills' racing colors—white, red spots, and red cap. Jockey looks like a large polka dot as he enters field and can be easily picked as he rides All Grace, Chip's entry. Mrs. Hill tells me colors are old family racing colors and are handed down from her mother's family—the Stricklands.

For the Quirindi races, Mrs. Hill's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Graham, of Sydney, were guests. After the races they returned to Colley Plains with Chip and Nell, making their first visit there for seven years.

PERFECT host, Jimmy Robertson, of South Wandabah, was one of the most winning characters in town. I've yet to meet the man, woman, or child who has been able to get in first and entertain Jimmy. His soignée wife, Jessie, came up from Sydney for the races.

GENERAL exodus from township on the morning after the ball. Guests stroll down late after luxury of having breakfast served in bed and gradually get under way after series of farewells. Waiting for train at station see Cherie Crossing with her host and hostess, Dr. and Mrs. Kevin O'Hanlon, struggling on to train with huge box which I learn contains a goodly supply of meat which she brings home to furnished Sydney.

JOYCE

What's Happened to Mary?

Continued from page 3

No one was there at the station. That was all right; my family had moved away, and no one in town knew I was coming except Mary and her mother.

Suddenly I got such a crazy, homesick feeling to get Mary in my arms again that I couldn't get out there fast enough.

Ten minutes later a taxi dropped me outside her door. I stood there, waiting, burning up inside, the cold, sleety rain drumming on the porch roof.

The door opened and I saw Mary's mother.

"George—it's really you. Come in—come in! Isn't it a miserable night? I've got coffee on the stove."

"Where's Mary?"

"Here, put your coat right here—it'll dry out. Mary hasn't come in yet. It's the weather, of course. I suppose she had to take it easy over the ridge to-night—full road and all. I could just cry about it—she was anxious to get home early."

"Look, Mrs. Baker—you trying to tell me Mary's driving that big bus over High Ridge to-night? Mary? Why, the road will be frozen at that altitude—if it's not blocked by snow-fall. Mrs. Baker, who's crazy round here?"

"Mr. Wilcox didn't consider the weather was bad enough at four o'clock this afternoon to cancel the run," Mrs. Baker said, "and of course Mary couldn't ask for special privileges. Charlie Banner was taking the other bus through."

"Why the heck couldn't she ask for special privileges? This Charlie's a man, and Mary's a little slip of a girl. Who's running this outfit now? I'd like to talk to him!"

"Mr. Wilcox, Alan Wilcox," Mrs. Baker said down opposite me. "You don't understand, George. You don't realise how Mary has changed. She's so—so conscientious and responsible. Mr. Wilcox considers her the steadiest driver he has. He—the thinks Mary's wonderful."

"Does he?" I sat scowling at the clock over the table. "What time does she usually get in?"

"Seven o'clock. Oh, George, she had everything planned—the dress she was going to wear—"

"It's past eight-thirty. I'm going to talk to this Wilcox." I got up and walked over to the telephone. Mrs. Baker looked down at her hands, and her head shook faintly.

"We no use," she murmured. "I called just before you came in. I've called three times in the past hour. He just says all the buses are late to-night, and not to worry. He'll let me know the minute he hears."

I stood looking at her for a moment. The back of her neck had a small, helpless look. Mrs. Baker could never run a bus. An egg-beater was just about her limit. I had a funny thought; maybe I should have been born in Mrs. Baker's generation; maybe I'd have got on with her better than with Mary.

I cleared my throat. "My old car still running?"

"Oh, yes. It's out in the shed."

"Then suppose I take a run down to the bus depot. Maybe I can pick up some road reports or something."

I felt the force of the wind when I backed the car out against it. It gave me a bad, icy feeling inside, different from any time I'd ever been scared for myself. A few minutes later I walked into the glaring lights of the depot.

I went into the office and asked for Wilcox. I thought I felt a tension in here, as if I was waiting for something. I didn't like it. The girl I spoke to nodded silently toward a smooth-faced, dark-haired man talking into a phone. A couple of emergency-crowd men stood at a doorway opening into the garage.

The smooth-faced man said, "All right—I've got it. A mile this side of the pass. Now listen—just give me an idea, can you? How many's hurt?"

I said to the girl, "What bus is he talking about?"

"There were two buses over High Ridge. Don't know which one it is."

Wilcox set down the phone. He turned to the men waiting in the doorway. "Start rolling, boys. It went over about a mile this side of

the pass." He spoke to the girl. "Get the hospital and tell them to send out the ambulance. This fellow's too excited—I couldn't get much out of him."

My mouth felt stiff. I said, "Which bus was Mary Baker driving?"

"I don't know yet. Slater Springs depot says she was trailing when the two buses left there. I can't believe it's Miss Baker. She's been over that pass in worse weather than this."

I said, "Can I use the phone?"

"Certainly. Help yourself."

I called Mrs. Baker and said, "Word just came in—Mary's bus is stalled in a drift. Don't worry, Mum—I'll have her home in an hour."

I set down the phone and took a couple of steps toward Wilcox.

I said, "They ought to lock you up. You and all the fools who think any woman can take on a man's job just because she says she can."

I got out of there. I saw the red lights of the ambulance move on to Main Street. Two miles out I overtook the truck and passed it.

Now the road began to lift, and the rain was turning to snow. There'd be six miles of this easy climb, then the pass grading would start, and I'd have to watch it.

Two miles beyond the timber line I saw lights. I eased up, and then the thing came into sight—the big bulk of the bus lying over on its side. There were a couple of red lanterns lighting it up. I slid my car against one of the snow-covered retaining walls and out toward the motor.

Somebody ran toward me.

"You're a doctor?"

"No—he's right behind me. Anybody hurt?" That wasn't the question I wanted to ask. I think I was too scared to ask it.

Please turn to page 28

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Roast turkey, grills for plane passengers

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Pan-American Airways now serve a dinner giving the choice of Virginia baked ham, and roast turkey, steak, or chops with freshly cooked vegetables within fifteen minutes of the order being given.

THIS mealtime miracle is made possible by the "frozen plant" method.

Meals are partly cooked on the land and arranged on partitioned plates frozen to 20 degrees below zero and afterwards kept at a temperature not exceeding 10 degrees above.

Each plate is sealed in a paper envelope, and when required is placed in the plane's "whirlwind heating oven" for fifteen minutes.

ACCORDING to the New York "Police Magazine" exercise is a poor way to reduce. Professor Arthur Steinhaus, of George Williams College, after investigating ways of reducing weight, reports to Police Department that to lose one pound a budding policewoman would have to:

- Wrestle for five and a half hours.
- Saw wood for 10 hours.
- Walk 144 miles.
- Climb Washington Monument 48 times.

Steinhaus gives advice. "Just eat a little less and save yourself a lot of sweat and tears."

BESIDES the usual table implements, a city cafe now serves a knife-sharpener with every steak dinner.

TO prove the quality of its rugs a city manufacturing firm has girls dancing around on a sample in the window.

WE'VE just been interviewing a Melbourne taxi-driver, Mr. Leonard Lee, of Ormond, who has retired after 10 years of driving.

Apparently people hire taxis for some very odd reasons. For instance, there was the woman who stepped off a city-bound tram near St. Kilda Junction and hailed him.

As soon as she got into the cab she lit a cigarette and inhaled with a long, deep breath.

"I was just dying for a cigarette, but I didn't like to smoke in the tram," she said as they sped off.

"Then there was the man who called for a taxi at 3 o'clock one morning to pick him up at his suburban home," said Mr. Lee.

"When I got there he was waiting on the verandah in his pyjamas and dressing-gown."

"He gave me an address several miles away, and then as we drove off told me that he had awakened with a terrific longing for a cigarette. He couldn't find one in his house and so decided to get a taxi and call on a friend of his who always has plenty."

"The trip there and back cost him 8/4."

Primrose path

COUNTRY folk in Kent and Sussex are making as much as £10 a week picking primroses, says a message from our London office.

Whole families go out scouting the countryside for primroses, which are scarce this year because of the cold weather. Some families earn as much as £60 to £70 between them in the short season.

But all primrose gathering is not for profit. Schoolchildren gather hundreds of bunches every year for London hospitals.

THUNDERSTRUCK

I'VE never ceased to wonder why, in the name of thunder, Women's hats are not designed to cope with wind and weather.

Like the abstract Fourth Dimension, it's beyond my comprehension After seeing what the rain can do

To a seven-guinea feather.

—LARRY BOYS

WE sat next to a girl and her bloke at the screening of "King Henry V." Agape with the glorious technicolor, she murmured to her again, "Wouldn't Shakespeare have LOVED this?"

Overseas correspondence

OUR mail-bag this week had a bunch of letters from far-flung correspondents.

They included one from a sailor in the Royal Navy who, in course of duty, has been whisked off to Colombo from Australia, and the thing he misses most is his copy of The Australian Women's Weekly.

His name is L.S.B.A. H. Mitchell, Navy Party 506, Fleet Mail Office, so if anyone feels kindly enough disposed to send him some we have no doubt he will be delighted.

We enjoyed the letter written in slim and elegant longhand which came to us from Paris from a gentleman who had read a copy of our magazine in which was an article on Paris.

His letter throbs with two loves, one for Paris and one for Australia.

We liked his touching tribute to Paris: "How beautiful and full of spirit Paris is by now and has ever been. The soul of Paris is still alive."

Of Australia he says, "I should be delighted to see again the nice people and the beautiful spots in your so harmonious country."

The third is from an English Army officer stationed on the Rhine. He wrote to say what an interesting article one of our staff had written about ex-Director-General of Manpower, Mr. Charles Bellemore.

A fourth letter comes from a British mother of three, Mrs. L. Thornton, of 72 Vale Farm Road, Woking, Surrey. She would like to exchange her English magazines for copies of The Australian Women's Weekly.

LATEST American invention, says our New York correspondent, is fluorescent false teeth that glow in the dark as they lie in your cup or glass, or wherever you keep them at night.

The light will enable the owner to find them quickly in the middle of the night should it be necessary.

A dog's life

A HOME in an Adelaide suburb bewilders visitors because of the devices with which it is fitted.

In the garden a large fig tree has had a staircase built against it, whilst nestling in the branches is a cushioned platform.

The house is not peopled by a Swiss Family Robinson as might be thought.

The stairs and platform are for the benefit of Mickey, the owner's dog. Another and higher staircase at the back of the house is also for Mickey, who likes to see what goes on in the surrounding houses.

Cushions are placed in corners throughout the house, while every room possesses a chair with an adjustable flap to prevent Mickey's head from lolling over the edge.

Inside every door is a leather thong so that he can pull the door open with his paw and enter or exit at will.

Regrettably, Mickey has not yet been taught to close the door after him.

All burnt up

"MET an Air Force driver here, Spencer Freeman, who used to be in the Sydney Fire Brigade," writes our correspondent in Kure, Dorothy Drain. "He must feel at home, because fires are part of the routine."

"Wooden buildings and paper houses are just so much kindling. In one Australian company mess at Ujini boys were rather proud of the comfort they'd made for themselves. The men's messroom owned 20 sofas, and, believe me, one sofa round here causes envious comment."

"It all went up in smoke a few weeks ago."

"At Brindiv the Women's Voluntary Services worked like mad getting the Indian Other Ranks' canteen looking homely. It was burnt to the ground two nights later."

"At B.O.Q. Kure (Bachelor Officers' Quarters—term which is hangover from American terms) everyone arrived one Sunday night to see a notice: Typhoon cancelled. Duntroon off. Fire instead."

"Both the typhoon and Duntroon had been on their way for some days. The Duntroon came later, but the typhoon didn't. There had been a fire in the kitchen, though fires are hardly news any more."

Color in Greece

THE color range in Greek peasant clothes has had a refreshing addition in recent months, says a message from our London office.

The Greeks have a word for it—they call it mephocrin-yellow, a bluish mustard shade.

Throughout the hill districts of Greece peasant scarves and blouses usually appear in four primary colors—crimson, orange, natural, and aquamarine—but mephocrin is now definitely the vogue.

But the prevalence of the new color is causing worried speculation among overworked UNRRA workers, for mephocrin is concocted from atabrine tablets, which UNRRA distributes as a malaria preventive.

Malaria is rife in Greece, but the peasants don't like the tablets; at least, they didn't until they discovered they were an effective dyeing process.

Pioneer's daughter

WHEN Mary Ann McLarty, aged 92, was buried in St. John's churchyard at Pinjarra, W.A., recently, her death closed a chapter of pioneering in Western Australia.

Her father was one of a band of early settlers brought out to Australia from England by Mr. Thomas Peel in 1837 to colonise a large section of the Swan River settlement, now Perth.

Mr. McLarty eventually became a landed proprietor and his descendants now own large areas of pastoral lands.

Animal Antics



"... those eggs ... are you quite sure they're fresh?"

HERE'S WHAT FILM ST

PEGGY CUMMINS, twenty-year-old petite English actress, who was brought to Hollywood for the Fox film "Forever Amber"



TOM DRAKE, whose handsome face and romantic acting won a huge feminine following after his first appearance in "Two Girls and a Sailor" for MGM. A stage graduate, Tom appears younger in pictures than in real life.

Hollywood to accent music and good stories

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

● Music and period films with strong emphasis on good stories is the general forecast offered by well-known Hollywood producers and directors for future output from American studios. Hints were also given that studios are prepared to send companies to other countries for special location scenes.

ANY comment on the industry from veteran producer Cecil B. De Mille is noteworthy, as he has set many trends in the past.

In Hollywood this week he said: "Motion picture industry is in a splendid position to-day to provide an antidote for the confusion and tension of the present period. But fluff is not enough. Forthcoming films must have substance."

Producer Joseph Pasternak, at Metro, declared: "We shall see more and more music featured in pictures. Good music is one of the

casualties of war in Europe. Now we can reunite the people's world with music. I see emphasis on the old and great composers."

Walt Disney has great plans for producing a music and cartoon fantasy from his paint-pots and music-boxes. "Music is one of the most forceful factors of screen entertainment," he said.

In "Make Mine Music," Disney exhibits new methods and techniques for bringing out the beauty of popular and semi-classical music.

Popular director Al Hall paused while directing Rita Hayworth in her Greek goddess role at Columbia in "Down to Earth" to say: "The

general trend toward a greater freedom in sets, costumes, and location sites is due to the lifting of wartime restrictions."

Edward Dmytryk, of RKO, leaves shortly for Switzerland to pick out a location site in the Alps for the filming of "The White Tower."

John Ford will trek into the desert for 189 miles from the nearest town of Flagstaff, Arizona, to film "My Darling Clementine."

A hot race is on between the studios in signing up all promising new talent for the stars of 1946 and 1947.

Undoubtedly the personality discovery this year is frail, blonde Peggy Cummins, imported from England by Fox for "Forever Amber." An unexpected hold-up in the film may cost Peggy the role.

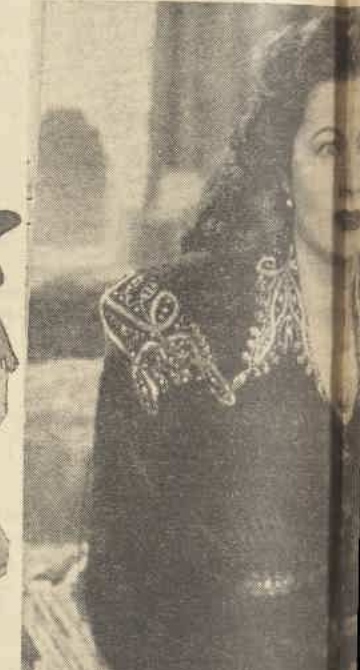
Another young actress launching on the film world is 18-year-old Beverly Tyler, whom Metro kept under cover for four years.

Blonde, versatile Joan Caulfield has barely had time to draw breath between current assignments.

LARRY PARKS, star of the Columbia technicolor biographical film of famous comedian Al Jolson, in which Jolson's voice will be used for the songs.



CECIL B. DE MILLE, Paramount's veteran director and producer, who predicts that future films will emphasise strong stories as an antidote for post-war tension. Period films will have priority.



MARGARET LOCKWOOD, the British people's choice in 1945, had several film roles in Hollywood and her better chances. She has completed a movie which is said to be England's answer to "The Great Escape."



PHYLLIS CALVERT and ERIC PORTMAN in Two Cities' technicolor film, "Men of Faith" for which many of the scenes were shot in Britain. Both players rank high in popular favor with British fans, Phyllis being second favorite.

WALT DISNEY has created these new cartoons for his latest technicolor film, "Make Mine Music," in which speaking and singing voices of well-known stars are heard as background to the cartoons.

Joan played the lead opposite Bing Crosby in "Blue Skies," and also the lead opposite Bob Hope in "Mon-sieur Beaucaire."

This year, three men are coming up for stardom. They are Larry Parks, who is now playing opposite Rita Hayworth at Columbia in "Down to Earth," John Lund, who was the lead opposite Olivia de Havilland in "To Each His Own," and dark-haired Tom Drake, who as an inexperienced actor visited the Metro casting office of Billy Grady.

STUDIOS ARE PLANNING



BEVERLY TYLER, MGM's auburn-haired young hopeful, who has been trained for four years in singing and acting before making her screen debut in "The Green Years," taken from A. J. Cronin's book.



JOAN CAULFIELD, lovely blonde stage actress who won a Paramount contract after a successful appearance in the leading role of "Kiss and Tell" on Broadway. She is soon to be started.



JOHN LUND, tall and handsome, was rushed to Hollywood by Paramount after his New York stage appearance in "The Hasty Heart," and given the lead opposite Olivia De Havilland in "To Each His Own." Before his stage career he did television work and wrote radio scripts for Service shows in camps.



CELIA JOHNSON and TREVOR HOWARD, praised by London critics for their work in "Brief Encounter," a Two Cities film taken from one of Coward's series "Tonight at 8.30." Howard served for three years in the British Army, and is an excellent football player. He has had a fine stage career.



ANN TODD, current sensation of British films, and holder of a ten-year contract for £250,000 to make films for Arthur Rank and Sydney Box, in England and Hollywood. Her best film is "The Seventh Veil," in which she plays opposite James Mason.



DEREK BOND, a captain in the Grenadier Guards, spent four years in a Nazi prison camp. Ealing signed him for the role of a P.O.W. in "The Captive Heart" as soon as he was released. He may visit Australia with director Harry Watt later this year.

Britain to stress individualism

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

● The bravest experiment in filmdom to-day is a concerted effort in the British movieland to see if romance dies when you kill off phoney glamor and graft a bit of truth and life into pictures. There is a bunch of bright brains behind English films these days who are doing just that.

THEY are treading no imitation of the Hollywood highway, and the British films you will see in this year of grace will emerge with an individuality and realism all their own.

The homeland's pictures have come of age in the war years—this is the proud boast of finance wizard and film magnate Arthur Rank, who

has grouped a large cluster of studios under his banner to bring intelligent screen fare to Australia and the rest of the world.

Says Arthur Rank: "Our films are now out of the rut. Our guiding principle will be story value. There will be no other consideration."

This is the opinion shared by his most able producer, P. D. Guildford, of Two Cities, who said to me: "You can make a good film without a star. You cannot make a good film without a story."

From his studios, already ranked as the most successful in England, I tip that there will come from his six pictures billed for 1946 at least one of the year's best films.

This should be the technicolor epic of Africa, "Men of Two Worlds," starring Phyllis Calvert and Eric Portman.

Nearly forty big films are to be made in England this year, and the others most likely to win international acclaim are "A Matter of Life and Death," with David Niven, Roger Livesey, and Raymond Massey, a half-technicolor fantasy of life beyond death, by Archers Films, and Cineguild's "Great Expectations," from Dickens' book, starring John Mills and Valerie Hobson.

A film whose epic value I am certain will shake the British cinema audiences is Ealing's "The Overlanders," made in Australia.

Herbert Wilcox's "Piccadilly In-

cent," starring Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding, is said to be so original that Wilcox is taking fantastic precautions to keep it secret.

Showing no decline in box-office favor are James Mason, Phyllis Calvert, Margaret Lockwood, Stewart Granger, John Mills, Michael Redgrave, Sally Gray, and Valerie Hobson.

Among new discoveries this year will be, first and foremost, petite, intense Ann Todd—greatest discovery in years (thanks to Sydney Box), with her triumph in "The Seventh Veil."

As an actor, blond, square-jawed Gordon Jackson is a natural.

Then there are schoolboy Tony Wager, who plays John Mills' part as a child in "Great Expectations," and quiet, rugged Trevor Howard, who has a string of pictures lined up now.

Archers' filmwriting-producing team, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, sent me this message: "At the outbreak of war British film production was encouraged through the Government's good sense and foresight to continue in parallel directions—documentaries and features."

"Both built up during the war new producers, stars, writers, and directors."

"It is our aim that British films shall give the world a true picture of British standards of culture and background."

choice for the best feminine film star of the year ago, but British studios gave her the thriller, "Bedelia," for Gainsborough's popular American "Laura."



JEAN KENT and STEWART GRANGER with Australian Robert Helpmann (centre) in a dramatic moment from the Gainsborough film "Caravan," in which Jean's portrayal of a pipsy won critics' praise. She married extra player Yusuf Ramet.



ARTHUR J. RANK. Biggest name in world picture circles to-day is the English magnate who inherited a huge fortune from flour mills established by his father, and since has startled American executives with his enormous picture interests and control.

ANSWERING

quickly he said: "Fellow driving the bus. He's pretty bad, I guess. Most of 'em just bruised. The girl's got 'em inside—she's taking care of 'em."

We rounded a little turn, and now I could see the other bus, standing solid and reassuring, in the middle of the road.

Suddenly I remembered: "Slater Springs depot says she was trailing when the two buses left there." That meant Mary had been right behind—the first one to find the thing. And I remembered something else—Wilcox's confident, "I can't believe it's Miss Baker." So Wilcox had been right.

Somebody had built a bonfire at the side of the road, and several people were huddled close round it. Mary wasn't there, and I went on up to the door of the bus.

Then I saw her. She was leaning over somebody, and I could see her profile and one smudged cheek. She had on some kind of uniform, wet and bedraggled-looking. I opened the door and stepped in.

She said sharply, hardly glancing up, "Shut the door, please—I'm trying to keep this place warm."

"Mary."

She turned then. We moved toward each other.

"George," she said very low. "It's kind of a funny place for a reunion."

"Is that what they call understatement?"

The ambulance was outside now, and was edging into place.

I said briskly, "Okay, relax—there's your relief. Is there any reason why I can't take you home now?"

"Well, I have to take the bus in." "Not on your life. You're going with me."

The door opened, and I saw Wil-

What's Happened to Mary?

Continued from page 25

cox and a man who looked like a doctor. Wilcox began to talk right away. "You've been simply splendid, Miss Baker—splendid. They tell me it was you who insisted on getting Charlie out, that otherwise he might have—Now, let's have a look—"

I said, my voice rough as a file in my throat, "I'd like to take Miss Baker home—personally—in my car."

"Why—certainly." He gave me a look. It had everything in it. He didn't need words now to answer my outburst in his office. Then he turned back to Mary. "I hope you haven't tired yourself, Miss Baker. Get a good night's rest. Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"Sure." She gave a last look round the bus, at the white, pinched-looking faces. She said in a tired, tough little voice, "Same time, same station." Then she followed me out into the snow.

She sat small and straight beside me in the car, her head not much higher than my shoulder. But not on it—no, not on it! This girl didn't need anybody's shoulder.

"There was a kind of mean, bitter boiling inside me. I began to talk, and nothing I said was anything like I'd planned to say the first night I was home."

"You certainly are the fair-haired girl. It's not enough to take on a man's job—you have to be a heroine too. I'd like to know what kind of a country this is, anyway! Soon's we're out of the way, the women take over, and do everything a little bit better than it's ever been done before."

"Maybe you'll find out we have a little more in common than when you went away," she said.

I said, "Listen—when I want a

pal, I'll find a man. I don't go for this pal stuff when it comes to girls. This Wilcox now—I bet he's great on pals. Or perhaps you've already tried him out." I had no business saying that, and I knew it.

"It's funny," she said after a moment. "I never thought so—night would be like this. I'd imagined it all so differently."

Neither of us said anything more the rest of the way home.

Mrs. Baker was on the telephone when we came in. She looked over at us and relief spread over her face, and when she turned back to the phone her voice got high and excited.

"She's just come in this minute. She'll tell you all about it. You can speak to her yourself!" She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "Mary—It's a reporter from the newspaper. He wants to hear all about the accident. Mary, he wants to put your picture in the paper!"

I stood there, feeling just about as important as a fly on the ceiling, listening to Mary talk to the reporter. Her voice was perfectly matter-of-fact. You'd think she saved a life every week or so. When she was through, she sat there for a moment, staring absently at her torn sleeve. Suddenly she swung round toward her mother. "Where's my dress? Did it come?"

Mrs. Baker's hands fluttered helplessly. "Oh, Mary—it didn't! I called the cleaners this afternoon, and they said it wouldn't be ready till to-morrow."

"Wouldn't be ready! But they promised! I told them how important it was."

"I know, darling. I tried every-

thing. I offered to walk into town, in spite of the weather, and get it myself. But no, it wasn't ready."

"This was all double talk to me. Why all this about a dress? You'd think they were discussing something serious. And then, while I was still trying to work it out, Mary burst into tears. She was talking to me."

"It's what I'd been counting on! It was the dress you always liked—the blue one. I'd planned to be wearing it when you got here. And to-night, when you were cross, I kept thinking, 'Wait till I get home and get fixed up, and put on the blue dress!' I thought, 'Then he'll love me again!' And now—it's not here."

I felt something go soft inside my chest. I went over and pulled her head against my shoulder. "What's all this about? Listen, baby—you're just tired, that's all. I came home to see you, not a dress. You'd look wonderful to me in a potato sack."

I met Mrs. Baker's eye over Mary's head. I expected that we'd exchange an amused smile at the idea of anybody getting so excited over nothing.

But Mrs. Baker wasn't smiling. She said indignantly, "It's a shame. She was set on wearing that dress. She even bought a blue flower to wear in her hair."

"A blue flower," I said. "Think of that."

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Sealed orders—from my mother!"

But what I was thinking was this: They don't change so much, after all. Let them wear overalls, let them work a riveting machine, let them drive a bus. They're still women. Mary and her mother still talked the same language.

And I began to remember her as I had first seen her to-night—a tough, tired, bedraggled little kid, doing a man-size job, because there wasn't any man round to do it. I felt a little ashamed and awed that she could go through all that and then come home and cry about a dress that hadn't come back from the cleaners. But it was a contented feeling. Like when men say comfortably, "You can't understand women, no use to try."

I leaned over and kissed Mary's ear. "Go up and pin on the flower. A blue flower's all I need, right now, to mow me down."

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SJ14JB

Film Reviews

★★★ OVER TWENTY-ONE

WITH Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox as stars, Columbia turns out a delightful comedy acceptable to all types of audiences.

The story is based on real life. Famous author Dorothy Parker went to Florida to be near her husband, Allan Campbell, while he was in an officers' training camp. Her experiences of housing shortages and the general mix-up of overcrowded small-town life inspired Ruth Gordon to write a play which now becomes a film. No better stars than Miss Dunne and Knox could have been chosen.

After his serious role in "Wilson," it is interesting to note the ease with which the Canadian actor fits into the comedy role of a 40-year-old publisher who finds it hard going in an officers' training camp among so many younger men. Miss Dunne, as his wife, who determines to be near him, and struggles with the difficulties of housekeeping, acts charmingly and looks beautiful. This pleasant pair are well backed up by Charles Coburn as an irascible publisher and Jeff Donnell and Loren Tindall as the outgoing tenants of Miss Dunne's bungalow.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ PERFECT STRANGERS

TEMPO is slow of this wartime charming little comedy made in England and released by MGM. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr are starred. It was in this film that Ann Todd's brief appearance attracted the attention of producer Sydney Box and started her sensational film rise to fame.

Donat and Miss Kerr start off as a dreary suburban married couple utterly bored with each other, but far too timid to make any attempt to brighten their lives. The explosion of war sets the frightened couple off in different directions. Donat joins the Navy and Deborah the Wrens, and a metamorphosis sets in. Both improve in looks and humor, and their vacation from marriage

brings them together after three years as two new people. Quietly directed by Sir Alexander Korda, the film is excellently acted. Donat especially shows that a comedy role is well within his capabilities.—St. James; showing.

★ TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN

TIME is marching on with Tarzan, and in RKO's latest release about his adventures it is obvious that Johnny Weissmuller is no longer the small boy's idea of a jungle-bred athlete. Johnny now has a very visible waistline.

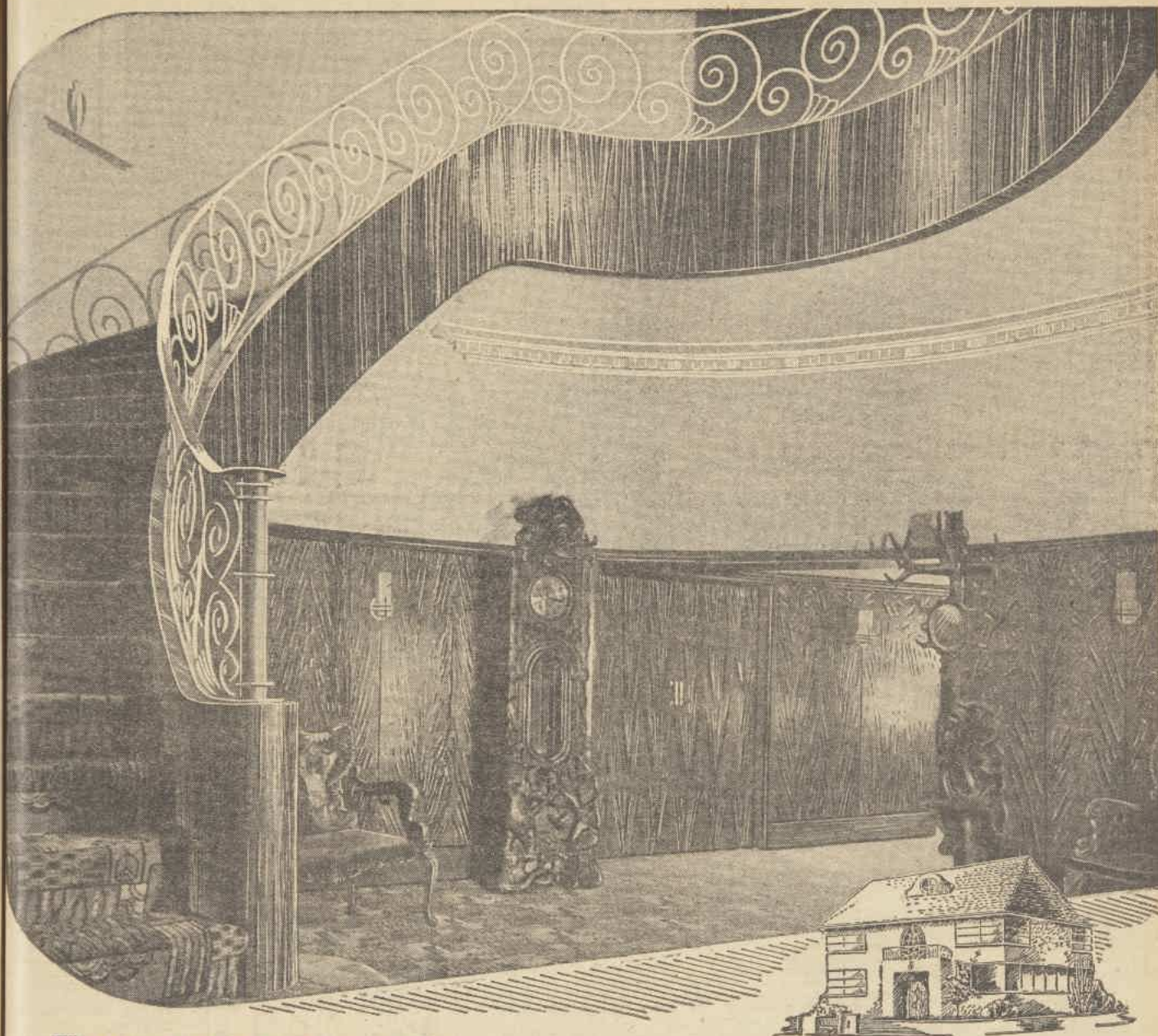
This time the story deals with Tarzan's attempts to break up a tribe of fighting natives who dress up in leopard skins.

Brenda Joyce appears again as Tarzan's wife, Jane, and young Johnny Sheffield is good as their son, Boy. Acquaintance is the high priestess of the leopard clan. Once again Cheeta, the chimpanzee, steals the picture with a display of amazing intelligence.—Civic; showing.

★ PARDON MY PAST

COMPLICATIONS from a case of mistaken identity form the set-up for Columbia's comedy starring Fred MacMurray in a dual role. The general result is fair, but MacMurray's recent excursions into any comedy should now come to an end, and he should be given the chance of a good dramatic role such as he had in "Double Indemnity."

In his current film, the main character is a discharged soldier who, with Army pal William Demarest, plans to take up milk farming. En route to the farm he is mistaken for a rich playboy, and goes to his home to try to straighten out the mistake. From there on the mix-up becomes more and more complicated. Romance for the soldier comes from rapidly improving lovely actress Margaret Chapman, and Rita Johnson does a good job as the playboy's divorced wife. William Demarest has one of the dryly dumb roles he does so well.—Lyceum; showing.



FOR BEAUTY AND ENDURANCE IN TO-MORROW'S HOMES



DURING THE WAR YEARS, the tremendous demand for Plywood absorbed practically the entire output of Australian factories.

The time, however, is fast approaching when supplies of this exceptional constructional medium will again be at the service of Australia's civilian population. In thicknesses of from 3 to 21 plies, this amazingly strong board can be put to a variety of uses. It is light, easy to fix, and readily adaptable to any form of design or scheme of decoration. Through the use of special glues, pressed in a hot press, Plywood can be rendered waterproof. In this way, even the outer walls and roofs of houses and factories can safely be entrusted to Plywood, while the beauty of Plywood veneers renders it an admirable material for interior panelling and furniture. Watch for Plywood in to-morrow's homes!

Plywood

THE PRODUCT OF THE AUSTRALIAN PLYWOOD BOARD

Continuing . . . A Name Earned

from page 4

CATHERINE said quickly: "Why, no, you showed that plainly enough. Why let them talk you into it?"

He gave a short laugh. "Why let you talk me out of it?"

She said, confused: "Oh, I'm not . . . of course . . . I only meant—"

"Look, honey—" his voice was indulgent but his movements were crisp as he settled himself and let in the clutch: "Look, honey, I hate to be—to be sort of managed. Ron's a good fellow, and maybe I should drop in there this evening."

Like a cloud shadow passing over a hillside the atmosphere had changed in a moment—golden and warm before that meeting with the Moffats, sharp now, and everyday.

In her room in the quiet house Catherine threw her hand-mirror back on the dressing-table and sprang up. Her fault, her unwisdom!

If only she had held her tongue, Mick would have asked her to marry him to-day, and to-night there would have been no question of his going to the Moffats, no fear of his being swept away from her by the heightened atmosphere of a party, and girls more beautiful than herself.

Deadly Nightshade—a name earned, she knew, by snatch and grab and conquest of other girls' men.

Catherine finished dressing hastily, caught up wrap and bag, and ran out of the room.

Music and light and laughter poured richly out of the Moffats' house set in its big garden as Catherine got out of the taxi and paused a moment in hesitation. Her heart beat furiously at what she was doing, but she reassured herself with the thought that if she could avoid Sylvia and Ronald no one would know that she was here uninvited, that she had crashed, unasked, into a birthday party. All that mattered was to find Mick before . . . before

She ran up the steps and slipped across the hall to the room where they were dancing.

Near the door, half hidden by a bank of flowers, she stood scanning the room for him. Standing there looking in, while the muted saxophone throbbed out a melancholy blues for the swaying feet of the dancing couples, she felt like some shade straying out of another world and come here to claim him.

But in all the noise and clatter there was no sign of him, and the thought came to her suddenly, rap-turously, that maybe he wasn't here at all! Maybe he had changed his mind and wasn't coming, and at that very moment the telephone at home was ringing, ringing unanswered in the empty house. Surely that was what had happened. She would go back and wait for him. It was early yet.

She slipped back across the hall and ran down the porch steps.

Then all at once, just when she had persuaded herself that everything was so fine, she saw him. He was standing on the terrace below with a girl in a frock all mistle and floating, of water-lily paleness. The porch light fell on gold hair, turning it to shimmering silver, and glinted in long-lashed eyes raised to Mick in a smile that was like a lightning stroke through Catherine.

Standing on the porch steps unseen, not knowing whether to go or stay, she was filled again with that ghostlike sense of unreality, as though separated from him by a whole world . . . Why had she followed him here? She should never have come. To love Mick like this was a madness. Let him go—if he would. Why struggle?

But even as she thought this the pair below turned to go down into the garden.

When there is enough emotion behind it, an impulse can sweep away good commonsense like a flood released, and Catherine was almost as surprised as Mick when her small glittering handbag fell over the parapet and dropped in the grass at his feet.

She ran down after it, went forward, hand held out, laughing.

"I'm so sorry, I dropped my bag." Glibly the obvious banality fell from her lips.

Mick had picked up the bag and was coming toward her with it, his face blank with surprise.

"Catherine! . . ."

"Hullo, Mick. Thanks so much." She took the bag, hoping it was too dark for him to see how her hand was trembling; the smile that came and went on her lips was as fitful as an unsure breeze.

Mick said, looking down at her: "I didn't know you were coming."

And Catherine answered, airily: "Didn't you? No, I didn't know myself till the last minute."

He stood irresolutely, half turning back to the girl he had left, and still lingering at Catherine's side.

Then, somehow, the other had been snatched away by a young naval lieutenant, and Catherine and Mick were walking down the steps of the terrace to the dark garden, alone at last.

They walked over the grass down to where the splendor of a white rhododendron was reflected in a miniature lake.

As they stood side by side at the low parapet looking over the water, Mick was silent, and Catherine was seized by a feeling of panic, of inadequacy. If only she could know what to say, how to be to make him want her more than all the world; to make him take her in his arms and tell her so.

Lifting her head to the flowering bush she rushed into speech: "How

beautiful it is—those white blossoms. They're like millions of shells filled with crisp coolness. Or like the tree in the old Russian fairy-tale—as though it were just going to speak, to tell us some wonderful secret."

He stood, head thrown back, looking up into the tree. He said: "I wish we could hear that secret. I guess it must be a good one."

She reached up and broke off a spray of the blossom. Holding it cupped in her hands, she bent her head and brushed it lightly with her lips, then held it out to him.

"You'll hear it if you listen," she murmured.

Mick took the flower and twirled it in his fingers. He didn't raise it or look at it closely. He was oddly remote; the calm that seemed to flow from him matched the calm of the night.

A desperation seized her. She must, she must draw him closer to her somehow.

She said softly: "Look how crazily blue the moonlight is over there." A commonplace remark, but, pointing across the lake, she leant close to him, her hand touching his wrist, her hair brushing his cheek.

He said, still in that unmoved voice, answering only her words: "The

moonlight in the South Pacific Islands isn't only blue. It's sort of mother-o'-pearl, and pink and silver."

"That must be wonderful," she breathed. Nearer she leant, and her eyes lifted to his, from under long lashes, searched for his glance, closely, intimately.

He stood a moment looking down at her, but not with the glance she was seeking; then turned and seated himself on the parapet, still thoughtfully twirling the blossom spray in his fingers.

"Listen, Catherine," he said, "can I say something to you?"

"Why . . . of course . . ."

"You mustn't mind me saying it."

"Go on."

"It's just that that vamp stuff doesn't suit you—not the least little bit."

A rush of color flooded up into her face. She stood in the shadow of the tree.

"Not the least little bit," he repeated slowly. "To see you putting on a glamorous act with one eye for the effect. Well, honestly, honey, it's all wrong. I haven't seen you like that before. What's come over you?"

She stammered in a choked voice: "I wasn't—I don't know . . ."

"If you want to see a real siren," he said bluntly, "you should see Deadly Nightshade."

SHE tried to speak lightly, but her tone was harsh, humiliated: "Thank you. Maybe I should take lessons from her?"

He gave a laugh: "That's so," and flicked the spray of blossom into the lake. "I had a couple of dances with her before you arrived."

"Indeed? Did you enjoy them?"

"Did I enjoy them! She's certainly got everything, that baby Face, figure, and faultless technique. Cute as a blonde doll, but she can cut through a man's defenses like a knife through butter."

Catherine didn't speak, she couldn't speak. Serve her right, she thought. She had asked for this. Love mustn't be forced. How cruel and obvious she had been! Trying to trap him into declaring himself by stirring his emotions with a jolt of cheap tricks. If he didn't love her enough to ask her to be his wife, simply and soberly, any time, any hour of the day, without the sense-stirring additions of moonlight and flower scents and her conscious manoeuvring—well, what was the use? . . .

A small shiver went through her. "Cold?" he questioned.

"Good gracious, no."

"Shall we go inside?"

"Not yet."

He surveyed her coolly. "You should get some flesh on your bones, Catherine."

She murmured: "I'll see about it." Suddenly he got up and came over to her, took her hands and drew her toward him. She turned her face aside, but the moonlight fell on it, and on the two angry tears trembling on her lashes.

"Besides," he went on, his voice different now, warm, close to her again: "You don't seem to understand about scalp-hunting females." "What do you mean?"

"It's a Don Juan complex—the feminine counterpart of it. They're vain and ruthless, they've got to be proving to themselves, the whole time, their own power to attract. A siren can only do her stuff because she doesn't care a hoot for the man. But you—"

"But me?" she whispered, lips parted, waiting for his answer.

He said confidently, serenely: "You love me. And I'm wild about you—have been from the first moment I saw you. I'll marry you, Catherine."

She didn't need to say it. Mick's arms were round her, and in that long kiss was her whole affirmation, her whole acceptance.

And then—the things she had been waiting for—Mick said them all. "Darling, I adore you. There's just nobody like you. A guy like me! Why, it's too good to be true. When I walked into the ward that day and saw you there, I said to myself: 'There she is, and no one's ever going to cut in on this!'"

"Not even Deadly Nightshade?" she whispered.

He laughed. "Honey, I was only teasing you. I haven't met this fatal dame—never set eyes on her. You didn't believe all that, did you?"

"No," she said, shaking her head. "No, I didn't believe it. Shall I tell you why?"

Her hand still clasped in his, she stooped a moment and looked at herself in the surface of the water. She wasn't afraid any more of Mick meeting the truth; of his learning that it was she whom Sylvia had so justly named Deadly Nightshade. No fear now of his thinking himself just another scalp!

A leaf dropped, and her reflection trembled in the ripple, broke up into pieces, and drifted away for ever; her other self, the vain and ruthless self she had been before she met and loved Mick.

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 488SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

What's on your mind?

Dickens' day touch in night schools

ON behalf of hundreds of evening students, including many ex-service men and women, I would like to voice a plea for better working conditions at metropolitan night schools.

Twice weekly I attend a well-known metropolitan school, at which, although attendance last year was the highest in Australia, conditions are deplorable.

Adults and adolescents are squeezed uncomfortably into small, antiquated desks in rooms which are bare, ill-lit, and, in winter, glorified ice-boxes.

No provision is made for light refreshments, and students who have to travel long distances from work or home have to bolt a hamburger at the corner shop or go hungry.

The school library is hopelessly inadequate and out-of-date, while the general atmosphere of the school is as cheerful as a morgue.

An excellent teaching staff, battling under these conditions, is not encouraged, when, as a result of these same conditions, attendances drop.

Surely something can be done to rectify matters as an encouragement to enthusiastic young people who are working day and night to improve their position in life.

5/- to Leonard Couple, 11a Great Buckingham St., Redfern, N.S.W.

Comfort in kitchen

A SIMPLE but happy convenience for many housewives would be the provision of a kneehole in the sink to allow women to use their kitchen high-chair or stool with greater comfort.



There are many kitchen tasks which can be performed sitting down—washing up, peeling vegetables, etc.—but there's not much fun to it if one's knees and legs continually knock against cupboards.

5/- to Mrs. Alma Small, "Uralla," River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Books for children

IT is dismaying to see our periodicals continually publicizing the charms of juvenile books written by overseas authors and child experts.

This practice only encourages mothers to buy overseas books, and blocks the market for Australian writers who, if given the opportunity, can write and illustrate child literature equalling, if not bettering, imported material.

5/- to Esther P. Radwon, 213 Lyons St., Nth. Ballarat, Vic.

Clocks, not cupids

IN the good old days practically every theatre had a large clock prominently placed near the stage so that every patron in the house could see it at will.

Why have the interior decorators of our many elaborately modernized theatres completely overlooked this humble but essential furnishing item? My admiration of the charming cupids and streamlined light effects around stages these days would be greatly increased if I could find a clock tucked among them, just occasionally to keep me in touch with time.

5/- to Mrs. H. Dawson, 142 Glenhunity Rd., Elsternwick 54, Vic.

Library for patients

WHAT a boon it would be to people who have to spend long waiting hours at hospitals if books or magazines were readily available to them. Dentists and private doctors provide reading matter for patients, so why not some small library within a public hospital? Library could be formed through public donation of the books and magazines, and, if necessary, a small fee charged for books taken out. It would help while away many a tiresome waiting hour.

5/- to B. Chew, Engle St., Grange N.W.I., Brisbane.

Capture the tourists

I WOULD like to see our local film studios producing high quality documentaries publicizing Australia's natural attractions. It is only in this way that we will capture our share of the flood of post-war tourist trade.

Australians gasp in admiration at the technicolor beauty in overseas travel films, little realizing that in their own backyard is just as glorious snow country, tropical paradises, cow country, tall-timber land, lake country, and surfing beaches, the equal of any in the world.

5/- to S.A. K. J. King, H.M.A.S. Bangaroo, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.

Telephone queues

TELEPHONE calls at bureau centres should have a time limit placed on them, say five minutes for each call. If an extension is wanted an extra charge should be made. This would prevent selfish and thoughtless persons monopolizing the telephone over long periods while



other people wishing to make urgent calls are left cooling their heels.

Where there are several phones available the inconvenience is not noticeable, but in the case of a single bureau some relief is essential.

5/- to Winifred Quirk, 27 Leichhardt St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Schoolboy's plea

I THINK it would be a wise plan if children of school age continued to wear the wartime identification discs, with name, address, and age printed on them.

Apart from the usefulness of the disc in the event of children becoming lost or involved in accidents, I have a special plea for its use.

I am big for my age, and often when paying fares on trams or buses, or buying tickets at a theatre, I am humiliated by an insolent "How long have you been eleven?" I am sure lots of other children have this same experience, and as we have no way of proving our age we just have to sit there and take it.

5/- to Master B. Rockefeller, 11 years, 155 Marion St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 5

PETYA was sitting at the entrance to the dugout. There were so few men left by now in the battalion that in the last few days he had been carrying out the duties of an orderly, of a cook, and of a sentry. Petya made a sudden motion, about to jump to his feet at the appearance of the captain.

"Sit down," Saburov said. He pointed against the logs which lined the entrance to the dugout and stood quietly for a few minutes listening. There was not much firing.

"Was I gone long, Petya?"

"A long time, Comrade Captain," Petya shivered.

"What's the matter, are you cold?"

"I am, a little bit."

"Go into the dugout and get warm." Left alone, Saburov turned first to the left and then to the right. In the early-burly which had at once captivated him, he had had no chance really to look round him, and now the view of Stalingrad at night established him.

During the time he had been away Stalingrad had changed beyond recognition. Before, the entire field of vision had been filled with buildings. Now it was almost wasteland.

The three buildings which Saburov's battalion had been defending no longer really existed. They were only foundations on which the remains of walls and the lower parts of windows still stood in a few places.

Amazement filled Saburov; was it possible that all this had happened in the eighteen days he had been away? For the first time he felt how enormous was the scale of what was going on round him.

Four days went by. It was late in the morning. Saburov woke up, as on his cot, and noticed with surprise that light was pouring through the door of the dugout.

Judging by the light, he must have slept a good eight hours. Apparently Vanin and Maslennikov had gone out without waking him. He listened. Everything seemed quiet.

Well, he thought, that was only natural. After all these days of continuous attack some kind of silence had to follow. He listened

again. Yes, strange as it was, everything was quiet. The door opened and Vanin came running down the steps.

"You're awake?" he asked.

"Yes. But I asked you to wake me up."

"Why? Especially when it's quiet for once?"

"Have you been visiting the companies?"

"Yes, I went over to Company Two."

"Well, how is it up there? Anything special happening?"

"Nothing special so far," Vanin answered. "It's just the way the papers say: 'Fighting continues in the Stalingrad region.'"

"How many casualties to-day?" Saburov asked.

"So far, one killed and five wounded."

"That's a lot."

"Yes. By our former standards it's only a little, but nowadays it's a lot. Of the five wounded we're sending only one back to the rear. Four are staying."

"But can they stay?"

"How should I know? In general, they shouldn't, but under our present circumstances they can."

"How about you; are you feeling better?"

"Better. Where's Maslennikov?"

"He went out to Company One."

Vanin laughed. "We can't get used to the idea, Captain, that our battalion is no longer a battalion. We still say companies, platoons, units. The whole battalion became just a company a long time ago, but we never admit it."



"And we shouldn't," Saburov said. "When we admit, my friend, that we're not a battalion but a company, then we'll have to give up two of these three buildings, because a company can't defend all three. That takes a whole battalion."

"True!" Vanin was silent a moment, then he said: "Maslennikov told me something about you getting ready to get married." He had known about this before, but until now he had not allowed a single word to slip out about it.

"Yes," Saburov said.

"And the wedding?"

"There'll be a wedding sometime."

"When?"

"After the war."

"No," Vanin said smiling, "that won't do."

"Why not?"

"Because after the war you won't invite me to the wedding."

"I'll invite you."

"No. That's what we always say in wartime: 'After the war we'll meet again.' We won't meet again. You'll be in one place, I in another. And I want to have a good time at your wedding. Do you know, without you here—I was lonely. I wonder why. We've really talked together not more than five times in our lives, but still I grew bored without you. So don't put it off too long."

"All right," Saburov laughed, "I shall be as you command, Commissar. If the wedding should be here, here it will be. Can we choose the day together?"

"You choose it together."

"By the way, where are your people?" Saburov asked, reproaching himself inwardly for having grown like Babchenko, and for never having found the time or occasion to ask a man who was fighting by his side whether or not he had a family, and where they were.

"What do you mean, my family?" Vanin asked, and his face suddenly went cold and hard.

"Just that—your family. Where are they, and how are they?"

"We won't talk about that," Vanin said.

"Why not?"

"We just won't. I know nothing about them, and there is nothing to be said."

He turned away and began to busy himself with his papers. Saburov was silent. He seated himself more comfortably on the cot, leaned up against the wall, rolled himself a cigarette, and lit it.

Vanin's words about the wedding had made him think again about Anya, who had never been far from his thoughts during the last few days.

Since they had parted on the shore of the river, he had seen her only once. Three or four hours after his arrival, Saburov had realised how tense the fighting had become, and that all he and Anya had been planning would work out quite differently.

WHAT had seemed to him so simple back at the medical base station—to ask Protzenko to make Anya a nurse in his battalion—now seemed so inappropriate here that he could not have opened his mouth about it to the general.

Anya had not appeared until the third day, the day before yesterday, towards evening. Although they had only fifteen minutes to talk together, neither said a word about the decision they had made on the other side of the river. He was grateful to Anya for not reopening the subject here.

She had come in when he had just returned after the repulse of a routine German attack, and was sitting in his dugout with Maslennikov. She had walked quickly up to Saburov and before he could even stand up had thrown her arms round him and kissed him several times. She had then gone up to Maslennikov and shaken hands with him.

From all her movements, from the way she looked, Saburov had understood at once that she would not reopen the old conversation, but that she was still his wife, and simply by coming she was letting him know that nothing had been forgotten and that nothing had changed.

Maslennikov had gone out. Neither Saburov nor Anya made any effort to hold him. Saburov knew that in Maslennikov's place he would have done the same. For ten minutes they sat side by side on the little cot, their arms round each other.

There was nothing they wanted to talk about. He did not ask her where she was going, nor did he tell her how many wounded there were in his battalion that day. He just felt that these ten minutes were theirs to sit here and to be quiet. When Anya got up to go he did not try to hold her.

She had not come again. Yesterday another nurse had come for the wounded and had brought Saburov a little note, written in pencil on a torn piece of paper. It said: "I am with Remizov's regiment, Anya."

Please turn to page 33

WHY IS YOUR BLOUSE SO MUCH WHITER THAN MINE?

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IT'S PERSIL WHITE



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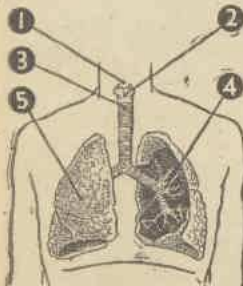
Don't take that cough to bed! A Larynoid or two last thing at night soothes throat and bronchial passages, prevents persistent, sleep-wrecking night cough. Larynoids should be at the bedside of every night cougher as an aid to restful sleep.

HOW LARYNOIDS ACT to banish coughs and colds

Larynoids bring instant relief from coughing. As soon as a Larynoid Pastille begins dissolving in your mouth, it releases INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN. This amazing specific, favoured and prescribed by doctors, deadens the acute sensitivity of the mucous membrane and nerve endings in the throat area, and ends soreness, irritation, and that distressing tickling sensation.

Larynoids do more than merely relieve coughing, their soothing, healing, and antiseptic medicaments penetrate deep down into the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs to attack the very roots of the trouble—easing "rawness," loosening hard mucus, relieving congestion. A cough, hoarseness, sore throat, or cold can be stopped in its early stage simply by taking Larynoids in time.

Take Larynoids at the slightest sign of a sore throat or chill and save yourself the misery of a persistent and dangerous cough. Remember that a cough is the forerunner of a cold, from which can develop Flu, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, and many other dangerous chest and lung maladies. There is no known cure for a cold, but, if taken in time, Larynoids will prevent it!



WHERE LARYNOIDS ACT

1. THROAT: A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in your throat. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them spreading to you—

2. PHARYNX: This area, when infected by disease-spreading microbes, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids, taken in time, prevent infection spreading to you—

noids, taken in time, prevent infection spreading to you—

3. LARYNX: This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread and cause a deep-seated condition in you—

4. BRONCHIAL TUBES: Here is the home of Bronchitis and other stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids may affect you—

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the amazing chest and throat pastilles of exact self-medicating dosage, containing soothing and INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN



Take Larynoid Throat Pastilles at the first sign of a chill, sore throat, cough, or head cold.

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THE LARYNOIDS FORMULA

includes these stimulating expectorants and healing antiseptics.

ANESTHESIN: Rapidly produces prolonged deadening of the nerve endings, and stops "tickling," irritation, soreness.

BALSAM: A soothing inhalant to ease breathing and aid healing of sore areas.

IPECAC: Loosens hard mucus; valuable as treatment for Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Croup. Relieves nasal catarrh, arrests sneezing, deadens pain, checks excessive mucus.

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CINNAMON OIL: Powerfully antiseptic and aromatic.

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Look for the Larynoids Formula. It's on every packet.



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You can treat a child's Whooping Cough quite confidently with Larynoids. They are regularly recommended by doctors. Children like their flavour, too.



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A noisy cough that you can't control is a source of annoyance to others, and an embarrassment to yourself. Have a packet of Larynoids always at hand, and keep that cough under control.

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Don't cancel the engagement. Larynoids will relieve your throat and see you through. Hoarseness diminishes at the first soothing, healing, antiseptic touch of Larynoids.

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No habitual pipe or cigarette smoker should be without Larynoids. They prevent that unpleasant dry mouth and throat irritation which is particularly troublesome during the night. Larynoids sweeten the mouth and banish "Tobacco breath."

Ask at any chemist's for
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Containing ANESTHESIN
CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

Manufactured by: THE WALCOT PTY. LTD., Annandale, Sydney, N.S.W.

SABUROV

not hurt that the note was so short. He knew that no words could express the size of what there was between them. Anya was simply telling him that she was alive and where she was. Probably she was there at this minute, he thought, at Remizov's, no farther from him, maybe, than five hundred short but impossible steps.

A whole string of shells crashed somewhere right over the dugout, and then a second, and a third, shaking the ground. Saburov looked at his watch and thought with a smile that the Germans were still as addicted as ever to precise timing. It was seldom they started anything between hours; it was nearly always exactly on the hour. So it was now.

Without putting on his overcoat, Saburov climbed out of the dugout into the communication trench. "Vanin, it looks as if something's starting. Telephone the regiment," he shouted, leaning toward the entrance to the dugout.

"I'm trying to telephone. The line is broken," Vanin's voice carried to him.

"Petya, send some messengers."

Petya climbed out of the trench, ran across the ten metres which separated him from the messengers' dugout, disappeared for half a minute, and came back followed by two signal corps soldiers who ran off quickly between the piles of ruins in the direction of regiment headquarters.

"The telephone line is working again," Vanin yelled from the dugout.

"What do they say?" Saburov asked, walking back into the dugout.

"They say that along the entire front of the division there is a barrage attack. Probably they're going to start a push along the whole line."

"Is Maslennikov over at Company One?" Saburov asked.

"Yes."

"You stay here," he said to Vanin. "I'm going over to Company Two."

Vanin tried to protest, but Saburov, wincing with pain, had already pulled on his overcoat and walked out.

All that followed in the next four hours was difficult for Saburov to remember later in any detail. Fortunately, the battalion's position was so close to the Germans that they had decided not to use aircraft. But they poured everything else on the battalion in quantities it had never seen before.

Several times during these four hours Saburov was covered with earth from close explosions. The feeling of danger which usually stayed with him, as with all men, even in the roughest moments of fighting, seemed for once to disappear, so uninterrupted and boundless was the danger now.

What had to be done was simply to stay where you were and with every slightest possibility raise your head and fire without end on the Germans creeping, running, hopping from one heap of wreckage to another.

At first Saburov had a feeling that all the fighting was aimed directly at him, and that everything that moved, fell, walked, or ran was coming directly at where he was standing.

Gradually he began to feel rather than to understand that the blow was really aimed to his right, and that the Germans, obviously, were determined to-day to cut his regiment off from its neighbors and get through to the Volga. At the end of the fourth hour of fighting this aim had become completely clear.

Going over from Company Two to his right flank, where Company One stood at the hottest spot of all, at

Days and Nights

Continued from page 31

the junction point with the neighboring regiment, Saburov ordered his battalion's battery of mortars to be dragged over behind him.

"Comrade Captain..." the commander of Company Two, Potapov, protested unhappily.

"What?"

"You are taking my last mortars." His voice shook with anger.

"Wherever it's toughest, that's where I'm taking them."

"It's tougher there now, but an hour from now—I'll be getting it."

"You must not think only of yourself, Comrade Potapov." At any other time he would probably have shouted rudely at him, but now he had a feeling that Potapov really felt angry, not for himself, but for his company, at being left without these mortars.

"Don't you see, Ivan Ilyich," he said, "the way I see it, they're squeezing Remizov's regiment over there. We've got to hit them on their flank. Give an order for them to drag those mortars quicker. Well?"

He looked at Potapov's face, made certain that he had been understood, and then held out his hand to him: "Hold on tight. You'll hold without your mortars; I know you."

At Company One, when he arrived, an unbelievable fury of fighting had broken loose. Maslennikov was there, sweating, red with excitement, without an overcoat, and with the collar of his tunic unbuttoned. He was sitting with his back against a piece of wall and hurriedly spooning out of a tin cold meat covered with congealed fat. Next to him on the ground were two soldiers and a machine-gun.

Maslennikov called out joyfully when he saw Saburov. "Sit down, Alexei Ivanovich. Have something to eat." Saburov sat down, dipped several times into the tin, and gulped down some bread.

"What's this machine-gun doing? Why have you got it here?"

"Over there—look." Maslennikov pointed in front of them where, about fifty metres away, a piece of wall was standing with a fragment of staircase still attached to it, and with two windows opening out toward the Germans. "I had this machine-gun taken away from its position. The three of us are going to crawl up there with it. We'll fire at them from the window. From there you can see everything like the palm of your hand."

"They'll get you with the first shot, as soon as they spot you."

"They won't get us," Maslennikov declared stubbornly. He knew as well as Saburov that the Germans ought to get them, but just because they ought to he was determined to crawl there anyway. He had an instinctive feeling that in spite of all probabilities they would not get him and that his plan might work out.

"To the right they've captured the whole of No. 7," he said. "They're putting the squeeze on Remizov."

"Aren't they still shooting from No. 7?" Saburov asked.

"No; probably they're all killed there. They may cut us off to-day, if it goes on like this." Maslennikov pointed to the machine-gun. "But we'll put this in the window, and from there we'll pin their ears back. That ought to help a little, no?"

"All right," Saburov said.

"May I go?" Maslennikov asked.

"You may go."

Maslennikov turned to the two

soldiers waiting for him, beckoned to them, and all three walked out from behind their cover and moved along the foundation of a building, running, lying down, and then running again. At this moment several shells exploded next to the trench in which Saburov was standing, and he dived for cover.

When he got up again he saw that Maslennikov and the two soldiers had established themselves at the window and had already opened fire. Several minutes later German shells began to drop round the remains of the wall. Maslennikov continued to fire. Then the entire wall was wrapped in smoke and dust. When the smoke cleared, Saburov could see that all three were still firing, but that below them in the wall a German shell had torn an enormous hole.

Still another shell bit into the wall below Maslennikov, between the second and third floors, and one of the machine-gunners threw up his arms and fell backwards. Ten minutes later, whether from a shell splinter or from a bullet, the second soldier spun round from the machine-gun, teetered, and almost fell, but managed to balance himself and sit down on the edge of the window.

Maslennikov left the gun, crept over to the wounded man, and laid him flat along the wall in such a way that he could not fall. He stayed there a little while, bending over the wounded man, and then returned to the machine-gun. Now he was firing alone.

By this time they had dragged up three of Potapov's mortars, the fourth having been destroyed on the way. Saburov crawled out with the mortar squad and arranged them on the ruins of an old garden wall. They opened fire at once on the German battery which had been firing at Maslennikov.

Hardly had the mortars begun to fire when the Germans discovered their position and sprinkled dozens of shells round them.

The officer in charge of the mortars was hit by a shell splinter. Saburov took his place. He had stopped watching Maslennikov and now looked in his direction only occasionally, between firing orders. The Germans shifted their fire to the mortars, and this made it easier for Maslennikov. He lay there and went on firing.

A little later, when Saburov looked in his direction, he could see only the machine-gun. "Did they really get him?" he thought. But after a few minutes Maslennikov appeared again on the wall. He had exhausted his ammunition and crawled off for more.

It was already evening, just before dark, when Saburov was almost buried under dirt thrown up by a shell. He got up with difficulty, then sat down, holding his head in his hands.

Petya crawled up to him and asked him something.

"What?" Saburov interrupted him.

Petya again whispered something, he could not hear. Saburov turned the other side of his head toward him.

"They didn't hit you?" Petya asked, and his voice was so loud that Saburov understood he must have gone suddenly and completely deaf in one ear.

"They didn't hit me," he said, and raising his head noticed that his overcoat was ripped all along his chest, and that under it his blouse was cut. A shell splinter had flown by, hardly grazing him. The mortar standing beside him was demolished.

Please turn to page 35

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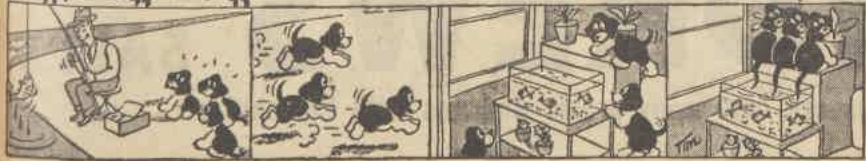
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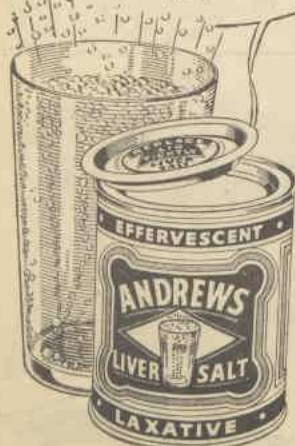




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THE Germans

continued to fire, but not so steadily. Judging by their fire they had managed to cut off Remizov's regiment, because the firing now came from Saburov's right, and from much lower, nearer to the Volga. He tried to get through by telephone to Vanin, but this was hopeless. All telephone lines had been cut in dozens of places. But the fighting, it seemed, had begun to subside.

"Where is Maslennikov?" Saburov asked.

"Here."

Saburov saw Maslennikov, even more surely, excited, and fired than he had been two hours before.

"I think I knocked them out back there," he said.

Saburov saw an enormous blue bullet running across Maslennikov's forehead and down the entire length of his cheek.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No, they just knocked me down."

"I'll recommend him for a decoration," Saburov thought. . . . Aloud he only said: "And your soldiers?"

"One of them was smashed to death by the fall, the other I dragged out."

"Good for you," Saburov said.

"It's getting quieter, isn't it?"

Both were silent for a little.

A plump, snub-nosed nurse crawled up to them, breathing hard, and asked if they had any wounded.

"Only out there in front of us," Saburov said.

"Wait until it gets dark then drag them back."

It occurred to him that Anya might now be crawling up to someone over there in Remizov's regiment, from which they had now been cut off.

"I'll drag them out right away," the nurse said.

"Don't crawl out there," Saburov said roughly. He hoped that right now some other officer was holding Anya back in the same way. "In ten minutes it will be dark, and then you can make it."

The nurse and two stretcher-bearers lay back on the stones. If Saburov had not said "Don't crawl out there," they would have gone out, but once he had forbidden it, they were glad to rest for ten minutes.

Behind them, fifteen or twenty shells exploded.

Days and Nights

Continued from page 33

"They're making their last attack before night," Maslennikov said. "Don't you think so, Alexei Ivanovich?"

"Yes," Saburov agreed.

"They say the first ice has covered the Volga."

"So they say," Saburov leaned back on the stones, turning his face upward, and he realised for the first time that snow had been falling all the time. The big wet flakes chilled his flushed face pleasantly.

"Lie down like this," Saburov told Maslennikov, feeling the snow refreshing on his face.

Maslennikov also turned over. Saburov watched the snowflakes fall on his face. "Nice?"

"Very," Maslennikov said. "What do you think, will it take long for the river to freeze?"

"I don't know," Saburov said.

"Can we get through yet to Vanin?"

"No, the lines are still broken."

"Well, you stay here for a while. I'm going over."

"Wait a little," Maslennikov said.

"It will be dark right away."

"Shut up. I'm not a nurse. Keep an eye on her. See that she doesn't crawl out there before it gets dark."

Saburov climbed out of the trench, and taking cover along the wall of a building, went back to the command post of the battalion.

"Communications are working again with regiment headquarters," Vanin said to Saburov as he walked into the dugout.

"Well, what do they say there?"

"We've been cut off from Remizov."

"It looks like it," Saburov agreed.

"What are they thinking of doing?"

"They didn't say. Probably they're waiting for orders from Protzenko."

Both were silent.

"Maybe you'd like some tea?" Vanin asked.

"Is there any, really?" Saburov felt that after everything he had just lived through there could be nothing as commonplace as tea left on the face of the earth.

"Of course there is," Vanin said.

"Except it's probably cold by now."

Vanin lifted a teapot from the

floor and poured out cups for both of them. "But don't you want some vodka?"

"Vodka? Pour out some vodka!"

Vanin poured the tea back into the teapot and poured out for each of them a half-cup of vodka.

Neither wanted to talk. They knew there had taken place to-day what would later be described in reports from the front: "On such-and-such a date the situation grew materially worse."

Maslennikov came into the dug-out, dirty, wet, and half-frozen. He seemed thin and dark after the day's fighting. His cheeks were sunken but his eyes shone, and there was something marvellously youthful in them, something even the war could not put out.

Before he had taken off his cap he asked for a cigarette, then sat down, turned towards the wall, and without taking the cigarette out of his mouth, fell fast asleep.

"He's asleep," Saburov said, stroking him on the head. "I'm going to recommend him for a decoration. You'll countersign it, won't you?"

"Of course I'll countersign it," Vanin said.

"We'll fix it up at once," Saburov said. "The sooner the better. You need medals while you're still alive."

"Yes," Vanin agreed.

"He's only twenty years old," Saburov said. "If it had not been for the war he'd be studying now in the first, maybe in the second year at some institute. You know, it's strange even to think about that now."

The telephone rang.

"Yes, Comrade Popov," Saburov said. "What am I doing? Getting ready to go to sleep. All right, I'll come at once."

"Popov says that Protzenko has summoned me. What that's for, I don't know. In any case, you take over command for a while. All right?"

"Yes," Vanin said.

"I'll probably be back quickly. But anyway, in case something happens."

He shook Vanin's hand and walked out.

To be continued

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Just a Minute, Dr. Marlowe

Continued from page 7

WHAT was his name? Barstow? Baxter? Something like that—began with a B, a name of two syllables. And the first name—Eben; Otto; Ely? What the devil was it?

The prisoner was led in. He was quiet now.

"Dr. Ezra Brandon," bawled the clerk and Marlowe shot upright in his seat.

Ezra Brandon! Of course! That was the name! Brandon, the psychiatrist. Unpleasant? Rather! A crook, a quack—and as brilliant as they come. A psychiatrist who cured sick minds with a turn of the wrist; only, unfortunately, they didn't stay cured. What a career! Money, position, honors—and then barred from the practice of medicine in his home State. Yes, that was Brandon. Witness for the defence, eh? Well, he'd be damned.

By the time Brandon had reached the stand, all the old arrogance which Marlowe remembered in him had returned.

Brandon, it was immediately evident, was an exhibitionist with a flair for the limelight. He was a convincing speaker, and obviously accustomed to court procedure.

In terse, clipped phrases he diagnosed the case, and dug into the prisoner's past for little tell-tale signs of deterioration, foreshadowing its almost inevitable outcome in a homicidal attack.

He found the things I missed. Marlowe admitted to himself. He may be a phony, but he's certainly a near genius.

In vain did the prosecuting attorney fling himself against Brandon's testimony in an effort to break it down. Every question he hurled at the psychiatrist merely brought further corroboration of the prisoner's long-standing instability and of the inescapable conclusion that he was

insane the night of the murder. Finally, mopping his face, the big man sank back into his chair.

With a jaunty air, Brandon stepped down, and as he came up the aisle Marlowe caught on his face an odd expression of personal satisfaction, as though it suited him to have the murderer proved insane.

Brandon was the last witness. Court was immediately recessed until nine-thirty a.m. the following day.

The room emptied quickly. Marlowe managed to get into the elevator Brandon had taken just before the doors closed.

Stepping from the elevator, Marlowe waited as the passengers filed out. Brandon came last. Marlowe saw recognition leap into the other's eyes, but instantly he hurried off through the lobby.

So! He doesn't know me, eh? Marlowe reflected. What's the idea? Pride? Shame? Resentment at his treatment by the profession?

Marlowe went through his ward late that afternoon in his usual breezy style. But all the time there was a vague feeling of uneasiness at the back of his mind; a feeling that somehow he had missed something in court that day, something that was the key to a riddle.

His earlier doubts were beginning to revive. While listening to Brandon's testimony, he had been convinced that at the time of the murder Zecca had been insane. But now it was this very evidence that was stirring doubts in his mind. The history of mental illness was seldom so logical as Brandon had made this case out to be.

Besides, where did he dig up all those facts concerning Zecca's previous behaviour? Even the prisoner's own lawyer had not known so much about him. True, nothing that Brandon had adduced in evidence

but could have been learned by adroit questioning of the prisoner, yet no one else had been able to get these facts from him. And then that smile as he left the witness stand—that cat-after-eating-canary expression.

That evening as frequently, Marlowe dined with one of his colleagues, Dr. James Courard, and afterwards they went to Marlowe's place for a Scotch and soda. At dinner Marlowe had recapitulated the events of the day in court without drawing any words of help from his companion.

"It isn't that I don't admit every point in Brandon's evidence," he broke out irritably, "and it isn't that I mind being beaten by a better man—or is it? Perhaps we plodding fellows always have an underlying grudge, and distrust, for the clever chaps, with whom psychiatry is a sort of legerdemain. Perhaps it's really jealousy that makes me suspect the clever devil of—of what? I wouldn't know."

Although the two men were about the same age Marlowe, with his prematurely grey hair, looked several years older. His friendliness made him seem easy to know. But when you'd known him a year or so you were convinced you knew nothing whatever about him and never would. Eight-ninths of an iceberg, you recalled, was submerged.

His rooms gave the impression that several men of widely differing interests lived there. Over his desk was tacked his air pilot's licence. One wall was covered with photographs of his which had taken prizes in amateur photography shows. The other three walls were lined, two with medical books, and the third with what he called "the terminal moraine of a sloppy mind"—French novels, detective stories, and pocket-book editions.

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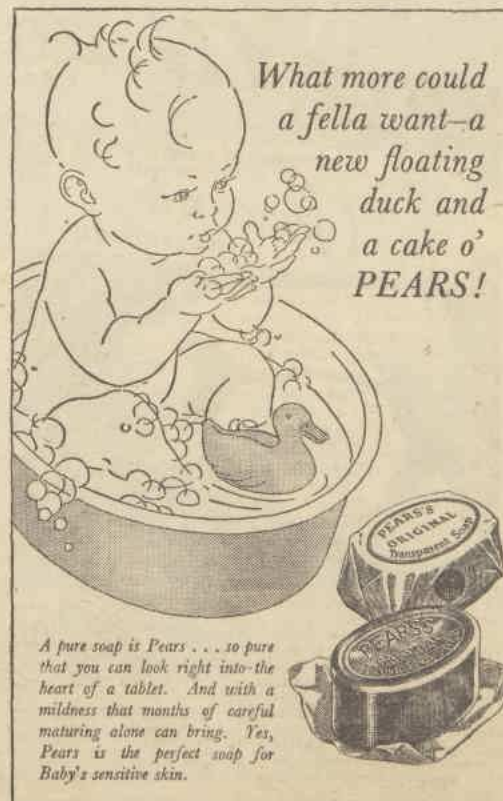
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Please turn to page 36

Fr. 14.27

NOW, sipping their drinks, neither of the two men spoke. At last Marlowe broke out: "Am I being occult, Connie? Or do you, too, smell a rat?"

Dr. Conrad placed his glass on the table beside him. "Large rodent," he nodded. "Very large, smelly rodent." He rose and leaned an elbow on the mantel. "Your Dr. Brandon was quite a guy in his day, wasn't he? Psychiatrist-in-chief of a big hospital in the Middle West; cited for distinguished service in World War I; medals from foreign governments? A short while ago I met a woman at a dinner-party, patient of his, very mysterious didn't want to talk about her treatment. Seemed to have a fixation on the old bird."

Marlowe nodded. "That's the usual story. His patients believe in him blindly. But if and when disillusionment comes, then you've got tragedy. All that doesn't prove there's anything off-color this time. He was called in just as I was. Diagnosed the case better than any of us. Nothing phony about that part of it. Well, then, what's wrong?"

Conrad told off his points on the fingers of one hand with the forefinger of the other. "What's wrong is this: One, did you ever know of a mentally ill person who pretended to be unbalanced during his lucid intervals? Two, where did Brandon get his information about Zecca's previous instability? He admits he never saw the prisoner but once—in prison—and that then Zecca was completely disorientated. None of Zecca's acquaintances or relatives had ever noticed any signs of emotional imbalance in him. Third, Brandon explained the murder as being perpetrated during an attack of homicidal mania brought on by Zecca's discovery that

the girl had been unfaithful to him. Well, how did Brandon get this information?"

"He probably got it out of Zecca by more skillful probing than Zecca's lawyer."

"Rats! Any information you can't get out of a screwball you could put on the head of a pin. Fourth, Brandon stated that Zecca could not have had those periods of lucidity you and others claimed he had; that you must have missed the little signs of mental illness. Do you believe that?"

"Could be," said Marlowe. "I hope twenty years will teach me something. He's got that much on me." He strolled over to the window. "Well, what's his name? Where's the rat we both smell?"

"Well—tentatively—he could be getting a fee from Zecca's relatives."

"Even so, he's still right. He didn't invent Zecca's illness. It was there—only I missed it. He certainly showed me up."

"You don't think maybe you're having a touch of paranoia with the inevitable persecution complex?"

"Look here," Marlowe said suddenly. "I don't intend to be beaten by a charlatan. This is one of the most important problems of psychiatry—determining the degree of responsibility of the criminal. And then there's the human problem: the murderer himself. What of him? I felt something stirring beneath Zecca's madness as though his humanity could still be reached."

"If I could take him unawares; catch him off guard; perhaps rouse him suddenly from sleep. By Jove, I believe that would do it! So why not to-night—now—this very minute!" He strode to the telephone, picked up the receiver.

Just a Minute, Dr. Marlowe

Continued from page 35

"They won't let you go to him now, will they?"

"So it's unorthodox! The devil with that! I'm going to wangle it if I have to go to the governor!" He dialed a number.

At eleven-thirty p.m. a key was slipped into the lock of the door to the prison cell and Dr. Marlowe entered. Only a faint light from the corridor picked out the cot on which the prisoner lay. Marlowe switched on the overhead light, but the prisoner did not wake. His face, seen from above, had the hard, bony look of a skull. Slowly it began to pucker as though, sleeping, he was crying.

Marlowe leaned over and shook him. Slowly he struggled awake. When he saw the doctor, fear leaped into his eyes. Then he laughed, loudly and off key.

"The nut doctor again, eh? Well, what's up now? Trying to see if I'm crazy in my sleep?"

SITTING down in the chair by the cot, Marlowe said: "There were one or two points I wanted to clear up. It came to me that we might have done you an injustice." Zecca, without rising, was struggling into his trousers. "You don't want to be put away for life, do you?"

Zecca paused, and a crafty expression stole over his face. "Who said anything about life? Loonies like me can be cured nowadays." Suddenly, as though recollecting a role, he was silent, giving his visitor one of those sidelong glances of suspicion characteristic of the insane.

"Yes, we have treatments," Marlowe nodded. "But I had a feeling we might have exaggerated the seriousness of your symptoms. You see, I have some peculiar views about criminals."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I'm no criminal, see? They proved that in court today. I was non compos mentis when it happened."

Marlowe continued as though there had been no interruption. "I never feel sorry for a criminal once he has confessed, or sentence has been pronounced. No. For then I have almost always seen a wonderful thing happen. They don't act like men condemned, but like men released; as though the prison doors had suddenly been flung open and they had walked out into sunshine. Do you know when I feel sorry for them?"

His eyes came back to Zecca's face. The furtive hand, moving toward his coat, was now withdrawing, tightly clenched.

"I feel sorry for them when I see them struggling to escape the just punishment for their deeds. Then they are in agony, paralysed by fear, tortured like animals in a trap."

Zecca's lips moved but no sound came. Marlowe laid a hand on his knee.

"That's why I came here to-night. My conscience troubled me. We doctors had got you let off your just punishment. And no criminal should ever be let off his punishment—for his own sake. He is guilty. He knows he should be punished. Do you know what I believe?" He looked straight into the man's unguarded eyes. "I believe that the criminal has a right to his punishment."

The man's face was now almost childishly vulnerable. It was clear that he knew that what the doctor was saying was true. His fist, held close to his leg, relaxed.

Holding out his hand, Dr. Marlowe said: "Let me see what you have there."

Automatically Zecca raised his hand, half opened it, then with a wild leer flung himself upward from the bed, threw back his head, and was about to pour something into his mouth when Marlowe struck his hand away. A small white paper floated into the air.

Recovering it, Marlowe smelled and tasted the few grains of white powder still clinging to the folds. He turned to Zecca, who had dropped on the bed, his head in his hands.

"You know what this drug is?"

"Sure. Mescaline."

"A drug which swiftly, and for periods up to twelve hours, produces the symptoms of insanity—no, insanity itself. So this is what you've been taking, eh?"

Into the eyes which rose to meet Marlowe's, fear and suspicion were once more gathering. "I suppose you expect me to tell you where I got it? Not a chance!"

"You don't need to tell me, I know."

"Says you," jeered Zecca. "You think you got me now, huh? Well—"

"No," said Marlowe. "I haven't got you. That's not why I came here. I came here to help you. There are some things worse than death, I think you know that."

"I'm not going to the chair, I'm not gully. You can't make me talk!"

"Whether it is to me or to someone else, you know you will talk. You want to?"

"Why not to me—now?" Something he had seen once before that night in the man's eyes was there again; a look he had often seen in the eyes of those patients on whom he was consciously imposing his own will. Suddenly he leaned forward and said: "Brandon hypnotised you, didn't he?"

"Brandon!" whispered the other. "Brandon!" The very name seemed to hypnotise him. He flung a hand across his eyes. "Don't try any of your dirty tricks on me!" he screamed.

"I couldn't hypnotise you, if that's what you mean, unless you were willing."

"Get out of here," screamed Zecca. "I don't have to stand for this. Get out!"

RISING, Marlowe said, "Very well. But now that your insanity plea is squashed, what will you plead?"

"I'll plead—I'll plead—" Zecca slumped forward, his head in his arms. Marlowe sat down before him.

"Look, this is how it happened, isn't it?" he said softly. "There was something for which you needed a doctor, a psychiatrist. You had heard stories from the people Brandon cured. They told you about those hypodermics which every patient was given. You didn't know what was in them—no one did—but they made you feel better, released from fear, able to do anything. You discovered that the very first time you went to his office."

Zecca's face, lifting slowly, was filled with awe. "How did you know?"

"After the hypodermic," continued Marlowe, "came the interview. The moment he looked at you you felt that this man had the power to help you. Why had you gone to him? I think I can tell you." He paused, and Zecca's eyes clung to his. "You were a marijuana addict."

"Who told you, Doc?" whispered Zecca. "No one knew—not even my own people."

"Wait. Brandon laughed when you asked him if there was any hope for you. Cure you? He snatched his fingers—like that! Come to see him next week. Better still, come on Saturday when there was going to be a testimonial meeting of people he'd already cured. You made an appointment."

Please turn to page 38

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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LOVE SHE WAS MINE

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THE HAT OF STEALING VALUE

Just a Minute, Dr. Marlowe

Continued from page 36

THE spell which had held Zecca snapped. He spoke slowly, threateningly. "You quit reading my mind and—get—out—of—here!"

"Don't be a fool, Zecca. I can't read your mind. I'm just a doctor." "Then how do you know?" "Well, I happen to know Brandon and how he works. When I examined you there were no signs of your having been an addict. But a friend of yours, whom I met in court this morning—oh, what does it matter? That's not the point. The point is, what are you going to do, now that I know? Listen, Zecca"—he pushed him gently down on the cot—"let's work this out together. Now, then. You went to Brandon's office regularly. As soon as you came in, the nurse gave you a picture. It soothed and relaxed you. You were in a submissive frame of mind.

"You sat on a couch and he talked to you. He made you feel sure he was the one man in the world who could help you. He gave you something to take when you felt the need of dope. It worked. But at the end of the month, the time he had set for your cure, you still couldn't do without it. You needed more help, strength you couldn't find in yourself.

"So one day he hypnotized you. When you went home, you threw your cache of dope down the drain. You didn't realize what you were doing until it was done. Every week after that he hypnotized you. You were cured of the drug habit, but you had acquired another—the need of hypnosis. You were in his power." Marlowe stopped. "I've talked enough," he smiled. "You carry on."

Zecca stumbled to his feet. "And if I don't talk?"

"Brandon will—when he's arrested."

"That—I He'd better talk loud and plenty." Zecca turned away, beating his palm against his forehead. Finally he flung round. "All right, I'll talk."

"That girl," he said, "the one who was killed—Eileen. She was Brandon's girl—one of them. He seemed to have a power over them, even without hypnotizing them. Always a woman upstairs; a different woman every little while. They were like sleepwalkers. Each one did as he told her—waited on him; served his meals; darned his socks; never went out. Pretty soon that one would go and there'd be another."

"There'd been a girl once who had committed suicide. When he turned her out and put another girl upstairs, she came back one day and hanged herself in her old room."

"I remember. Quite a scandal. A psychiatrist's patients aren't accountable. The girl was unbalanced."

"This Eileen, the one they say I killed, was his girl for maybe three, maybe four months. Well, all of a sudden—this was about two months ago—he was through with her. So he sends her packing and takes on a new one. But Eileen didn't take it quiet like most of them. Every day she comes back to the house, trying to see him. She wanted just one thing—to get back upstairs where she'd have him all to herself. Well, one day—" He came to a halt, twisted his hands till the joints cracked.

"Take it easy, old man," said Marlowe.

"Well," continued Zecca, "one day he caught her creeping up the stairs. She pulled a pistol out of her handbag, screaming that she was going to kill him and herself too, up there. She said if he didn't take her back, she'd wait for him and shoot him on his own doorstep. He couldn't

go to the police—she knew too much. He was in a spot. So he gives her an appointment for the next afternoon to arrange things. He has me in at the same time. I'd never met this girl before, but he asked me to see her home. That happened a couple of times while he was stalling. I guess maybe he thought she might fall for me. But she didn't. She wanted just one thing—that old man. So then he saw he had to get rid of her.

"So one afternoon when he was giving me a treatment—hypnotism, you know—he must have told me what he wanted done. Afterward I felt the queer way I always did when he'd given me an order. And then, when I was awake, he said enough so I knew what he wanted. And I knew I had to do it."

"That night I did it. Maybe I knew what I was doing; maybe I didn't. I swear to you, doc, I never wanted that girl. I tell you most of it came out of that devil's head. I never thought of things like—like—his voice sank to a whisper—"you know what, doc."

"I believe you. And then?"

"Well, he'd guaranteed to get me off if I was caught. I was awake part of the time, you know, I admit



"I wish your father would come right out and say what he thinks."

that. But it was when I was under that he got his real power over me. Of course, if I hadn't been a bad lot, anyway, he probably couldn't have made me do it.

"He told me he had a drug that would make me act as crazy as a cat. My lawyer would plead insanity. Then when they put me in the madhouse he'd give me treatments—pretend to, you know—and after a while he'd say I was cured, and they'd let me out." For the first time he smiled. "You see it worked. Even you thought I was nuts."

Marlowe smiled back. "But it's better this way, isn't it?"

Zecca darkened. "How do I know? What will they do to me, doc? They can't give me the chair, can they?" He shot up from the bed and screamed, "Well, I had to do it, didn't I? I was in that devil's power. I had to do it. You don't know the power that man had over all of us!"

Marlowe rose and put an arm about his shoulder. "In the morning you'll feel much better, Zecca. You've done what you had to do."

He pushed him gently down on the cot. At the door he turned and said, "Sleep peacefully, my friend. The criminal shall have his punishment."

From the bed came the response: "That's all right with me, doc, if you mean Brandon, too."

"I mean Brandon, too," said Marlowe, and closed the door softly.

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OATINE

Beauty Creams for Charm & Glamour



Of course, some people never let their heads go for anything less than a lottery or two (these are the people who eventually get places). And then again, nothing surprises others, our friend, for instance, who includes a crib over the next-door-fence as part of her "good-neighbour" policy! She knew all the answers . . . that mother and child were feeling fine because they had PROTEX-ed themselves!

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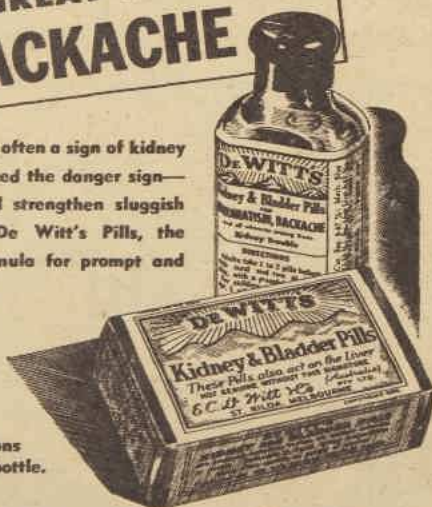
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The line is the thing!

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Specialist

MAYBE a new hair-do is on your mind.

Recently there have been striking changes in the realms of coiffure, wherein the unending supplies of pulchritude for tapping.

Never before has there been such a wide choice. Some women like high, dramatic, and ultra-smart styles. Others tend more to the soft and simple variety. But whatever your preference, fussiness and masses of waves and curls have suddenly disappeared from the picture.

One of the latest high-fashion styles, the Psyche knot, shows a round line to complement the round trend in hats, hips, and shoulders. This trend can be perfectly lovely.

but the effect will be far from flattering if the wearer has a long, prominent jaw-line.

There is only one hard and fast rule governing your choice: The way you wear your hair should depend upon the becomingness of the particular line to your face.

For instance, if your nose is of the dominating variety, don't draw attention to your most conspicuous feature by massing the bulk of your hair directly on a line with it.

Although a hair-do composed of soft bulk is flattering to a largish nose, keep that bulk low on the neck or on top of the head, and keep waves and curls large in proportion to the nose.

Here are some problem faces, and how to deal with them most effectively:



● The rounded Psyche knot emphasizes dramatic backward movement with hair flowing into coils—very smart and new. But if you have a long, fluting-out chin, be careful not to draw the eye in a long line from chin to tip of the knot, as shown in the sketch above. You can pile up your hair, provided it is massed high on the crown, shortening the line from chin to ear. Don't cover the brow! Try out both and make your choice.



● If your face is long and thin a swooshed-up hair arrangement with a clump of curls on top and slick sides will accentuate the existing length and give your neck giraffe-like proportions as well. By wearing a curled bang on the forehead, and longish full hair at the back, the long and narrow face will be given an illusion of squareness, the back fullness also breaking the hard ear-to-neck line.



● If you have a receding chin and forehead, a pageboy will not be a sympathetic selection. The combed-back top and partially covered cheek emphasize both slanting brow and receding chin. An upswept hair-do, baring ears and neck, will make your chin much more important, and if you wear a soft fluff of hair over your brow it will hide its slope becomingly. Keep back hair slick and close.



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TEAR OFF—WAYS SHAKY

KATHRYN KING
EYEBROW PENCIL

To housewives: FATIGUE- SAVING HINTS

By MEDICO

"WHY is housework such a tiring business, doctor?" asked Mrs. Springthorpe. I was in the kitchen of her home, having a quick cup of tea after giving her year-old babe his injections for diphtheria immunisation.

I looked at her—I'd known Mrs. Springthorpe from childhood. She was about 5ft. 8in., with a good figure, but inclined to stoop.

"There are several reasons," I said, "but I can see some of them right here in your kitchen. If you will stand over here beside the kitchen table I'll show you what I mean."

"Your kitchen table is too low, and you have to bend your spine when you are working at it. The top of the table should be five inches below the edge of your hipbone at the side of your body," I explained.

"Another way you can test it is to place your hands flat on the table with your elbows straight. If you have to bend your back to do this your table is too low. The same applies to your ironing table, also to your kitchen sink and washtub. In the case of the last two, you should be able to place your hands flat on the bottom of the sink or tub without having to bend your back."

"I sit down to work as much as I can," said Mrs. Springthorpe. "Is that a good idea?"

"A kitchen stool is a fatigue-saver in any home," I said. "It should be six inches lower than table height, so that the thighs will go under the table."

"While we are on the subject, I'd like to see how you sit down in a chair."

"Is this the right way?" she asked. "Not quite," I said. "You will find it more helpful if you sit well back in the chair with your feet flat on the floor, the upper part of the body in a straight line, the back straight,



STANDING UPRIGHT for household tasks, like Ann Morris, MGM player, pictured above, is less tiring than bending over a too-low table. And note: A kitchen stool is a fatigue-saver in any home.

and the tummy flat. As you sit there, try to push your body upward through the top of the head, and at the same time gently pull in the chin."

"Tell me if I stand the right way," she said.

"The best way to tell is to stand against the wall," I said. "The back of the head, the shoulder-blades, and the pelvis should be touching the wall, and the heels should be one inch apart and the feet pointing straight ahead. Holding that position, walk across the room, but keep the chin slightly in and look straight ahead."

"I feel like a duchess," exclaimed Mrs. Springthorpe.

"It certainly gives you poise, dignity, and charm," I assured her, "and it's a wonderful corrective for that tired feeling. With daily practice you'll get that easy grace and poise which give such a finishing touch to a young matron."

Do not neglect outdoor exercise

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

WHATEVER else you neglect in the important pre-natal months, don't miss out on the exercise you can have right out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine.

Correct walking—swinging the legs from the hips—is a most satisfactory form of exercise, bringing into play most of the muscles of the body, and strengthening some that are used in childbirth, so the regular daily walk should be an indispensable part of your day's routine.

You should avoid wearing high-heeled shoes. Choose comfortably fitting ones with medium or low heels.

If you are accustomed to any sport, such as swimming or golfing, you may continue it with advantage. But avoid all violent exercise and very strenuous sports.

All forms of exercise need to be carried out carefully and with good judgment, and you must always stop short of a feeling of fatigue.

It is dangerous to become overtired.

Heavy and awkward lifting, moving furniture, and running up and down many stairs should be avoided.

Shopping and carrying home so much has been a big ordeal for you who are expectant mothers. But take two shopping bags, divide and balance loads, and you will find that this helps quite considerably.

A list of special exercises to help strengthen the various groups of muscles which are used in achieving motherhood, and which increase the flexibility of the pelvic and thigh joints, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, for individual interviews and demonstrations every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.



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Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J.B. writes: "I was almost dead with

Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing every night—couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night, and I have had no Asthma since in over 5 years." Mrs. A.W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. O.E.C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a godsend it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

RELIEVES ASTHMA Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes ... 6/- and 12/-.



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Finger-tip massage with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent dandruff, falling hair, premature greyness, brittle hair and itching scalp. Get a bottle of Barry's and use it daily.

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Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching. Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm 2'-4'-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—purges faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Bladder, Cystitis, Stomach, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles or Interrupted Sleep, go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and cleanse kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles—

- (1) Slays the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organs, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for kidney and bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about, and walk miles at once. I am 33 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it." (Ref.) M. L. Goss, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

New Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had kidney and bladder complaint, pain in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for kidney complaint." (Ref.) J. J. Wetherston, Mangrove Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back. If you return the empty package. Act now! New in 3 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for

Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



GARDEN VISTA: Grace and beauty, delicacy of color and decorative effect are provided by the hardy Iceland poppy.

GLORY OF POPPIES

● Few imported flowering plants enjoy the popularity of the hardy, graceful Iceland poppies.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS is probably due to the fact that they are obtainable in a wide variety of colors and will thrive in practically any climate.

Coming as it did originally from Iceland, which is in the Arctic Circle and an extremely cold country, this lovely flower has been crossed and re-crossed until it has lost many of its old-time faults, increased considerably in stature, size, and variety of shades, without losing any of its resistance to frost and wind-damage.

Originally the Iceland poppy came to us in three colors at most—white, yellow, and orange—but to-day we can get it under many registered proprietary names, and in probably 100 different colors or combinations of colors or tints.

The Coonara Pinks were one of the early variations from the old-time originals, and then came Gartret, Gartford, Noonday, Sunray, Sunbeam, and many other improved types, until to-day the average gardener is puzzled to know exactly what to buy.



CLOSE-UP of Lady Poppy Nudicaule, showing crepe-like petals, stamens, and central seed vessels.

They are, however, all similar in their soil and cultural requirements. While it is a bit late for sowing seed now, plants of most varieties are always obtainable at nurseries and seed stores for late planters.

An open, sunny position, good, well-drained, friable soil, and regular watering sums up their needs. They are rarely attacked by pests, but poppies are very subject to the incurable spotted or bronze wilt, which causes bunching and curling, and marked yellowing and spotting of the foliage.

Plants showing such symptoms should be removed and burned, as they will infect clean plants.

Some crown or root rot is sometimes observed among plants grown in heavy soil that is badly drained. The symptoms of this trouble consist mainly of marked yellowing of the foliage, with some browning of the stem bases.

Such plants break off at the roots easily when touched. There is no cure and all plants showing such symptoms should be dug out and burned.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

TILES can be effectively glossed by covering them with a thin coating of laundry starch after they have been washed. Let dry, and then polish with a dry cloth.

HERE'S a window-washing method which will keep your windows shining: Crumble a newspaper and rub your windows with this instead of a cloth.

HAD an accident with the medicine and spilled it on your sheets or linen? Well, don't worry. Apply a paste of fuller's earth and ammonia to the spot. When dry, wash first with cold water and launder as usual.

IT'S difficult at times to clean household articles with narrow necks, so I find it is a good idea to place a little sand in the bottom, mix with water, and shake well.

IRON your sweaters on the wrong side with a warm iron when they are almost dry. Gently pull into shape as you go.

DID you know that you can cool an overheated oven by putting one or two pans of cold water in it?



SAVE YOUR SUEDES: Frances Rafferty, MGM player, removes shiny spots caused by scuffing and certain kinds of stains with a small piece of the finest grade sandpaper used gently with a rotary motion.

TODAY

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Ideas with Apples

By the Food and Cookery Expert
to The Australian Women's Weekly.

● Apples are in season . . . use them freely.
Chill for best eating, polish for best looks.
Cook no longer than necessary . . . serve
raw as often as possible.

AUSTRALIAN apples are a second to none in richness of flavor, color, and texture.

They are an invaluable item in the household budget, lending themselves to sweet and savory combinations in almost endless variety.

The mineral and vitamin content of apples is high—they are rich in natural sugar.

Hints for the new housewife . . . peel apples thinly for cooking—leave skin on if to be eaten raw. The skin contains valuable nutritive properties and roughage.

Apples burn easily, so use a very moderate oven for baking. Discoloration can be delayed by drenching with lemon juice after cutting.

SAVORY STUFFED APPLES

Four large red apples, 4oz. cheese, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt, pepper.

Wash apples, cut a thick slice from the top. Carefully remove core and centre, leaving a hollow case. Brush case with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Dice the cheese, combine with celery, onion, gherkin (reserving 1 tablespoon for garnishing), salt and pepper. Bind with mayonnaise, fill into apple cases. Spoon chopped gherkin on top, dust with paprika. Serve on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with celery curls, and serve extra mayonnaise in a separate jug.

INGRID'S APPLE PUFFS

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup margarine or good clean fat, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup cooked mashed potato, 1 cup sweetened apple pulp, sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, and cinnamon. Rub in shortening, add lemon rind. Mix in sieved potatoes, making a dry dough (a little water and lemon juice may be used if necessary). Turn on to a floured board, roll out thinly. Cut into 3-inch circles. Spoon apple pulp on to half of each circle, moisten edges, fold over. Press edges together and cut a slit in the top. Brush with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake on a flat tray in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

APPLE AND ONION SAVORY

One and a half cups thinly sliced onion, 2 cups sliced peeled apples, 1 cup chopped cooked bacon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, bacon fat.

Grease a casserole dish, sprinkle

with breadcrumbs. Arrange onion, apple, bacon, and cheese in alternate layers. Add milk, salt, and beaten egg mixed together. Cover with breadcrumbs mixed with some of the grated cheese. Dot with bacon fat. Cover and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Remove cover and cook a further 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot with greens or baked tomato halves.

APPLE AND CHERRY TEACAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon drained cherries, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 egg, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, few raisins.

Sift flour and cinnamon, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg well, add to milk. Stir into dry ingredients. Turn into greased 8-inch sandwich tin. Cover top with thinly sliced apple, cherries, and raisins. Dust with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes, reducing heat after first 15 minutes.

APPLE JELLY

Two pounds apples, water, sugar, lemon juice, a few cloves.

Wash fruit, remove stems. Slice fruit and place in a preserving-pan with water to cover. Cook gently without lid until fruit is soft, 25 to 30 minutes. Strain through a coarse sieve or colander. Re-strain juice through a jelly bag or through a layer of cotton-wool between two layers of cheesecloth. Tie cloth for straining securely to legs of an inverted chair, allowing juice to drip slowly into basin underneath. Avoid squeezing cloth—squeezing will cause cloudiness. Measure juice and allow 1 cup sugar and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice to each cup of juice. Bring juice and lemon juice to boiling point, add 2 or 3 cloves and simmer 10 minutes. Add warmed sugar and cook quickly until it gives the jelly test—the drops from a spoon dipped in the jelly will flow together in sheet formation instead of dropping one by one. Remove cloves. Bottle into hot, dry jelly jars. Seal and label when cold.

Minted Apple Jelly: For service with hot or cold lamb or mutton. Omit the cloves from above recipe. Bruise the leaves of a bunch of garden-fresh mint. Tie loosely in clean muslin. Pass through the hot jelly for a few minutes before bottling. Green coloring may be added.

SPICED APPLE CAKES

Quarter cup margarine or good clean fat, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup stewed

apples (drained of syrup), cherries.

Cream margarine or fat with the sugar. Add egg, beat well. Melt golden syrup in the hot water. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon, ground cloves, and soda. Add to creamed margarine and sugar alternately with water and golden syrup. Spoon into greased muffin-pans and bake 15 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350deg. F.). Remove half top by cutting down and across. Fill with apple pulp and decorate with chopped cherries. Serve hot as dinner sweet or cold for afternoon tea.

TOFFEE APPLES

Three cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, red coloring, small red apples, wooden skewers.

Wash apples well, remove stems, and pierce apples with wooden skewers. Place sugar, water, and vinegar in a saucepan, bring slowly to boil. Place lid on for a few minutes to melt sugar on sides of pan. Remove lid, boil quickly until toffee turns a deep straw color and bubbles slowly and thickly. Test a little in cold water—it should snap and crackle. Remove from fire, add red coloring, and shake saucepan (do not stir) to mix coloring evenly. Stand in a basin of very hot water. Dip apples one at a time, twisting to drain off surplus toffee. Stand upright on greased tray or waxed paper until set. Cores of apples may be removed and centres stuffed with chopped dates or raisins moistened with lemon juice.

APPLE RELISH

One medium-sized red pepper, 1 large onion, 2 green apples, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 gherkins, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 pint water, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour.

Peel apples, remove cores. Remove core and seeds from red pepper, peel onion. Chop apples, onion, and red pepper finely; add chopped gherkins and raisins, lemon rind and juice, water. Place in enamel-lined pan, bring slowly to boil, add sugar and salt. Boil 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend flour with a little water, stir into mixture and cook a further 5 minutes. Turn into dry, hot jars, cover and seal when cold. Use with cold meats or hot curries.

CURRIED MINCE IN APPLE CASES

Six tart apples, 1 cup sausage mince, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 grated potato, 1 grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons water.

Wash apples, cut a slice from the top. Scoop out cores and pulp, leaving shells 1/2 in. thick. Mince apple pulp, combine with sausage meat, salt, onion, potato, and carrot. Blend curry powder with water, stir into meat mixture; simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fill into apple shells, place on a greased tray. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) until apples are soft but not broken, about 40 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve hot with creamed potatoes and greens.

APPLE DISHES—sweet and savory . . . see recipes on this page for savory stuffed apples, spiced apple cakes, apple jelly, and toffee apples. Try them all!

"The most important room in the House"
Equipped with... GAS of course!



This blue print shows that the roomy kitchen and dinette illustrated is compact and thus inexpensive.

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Easy to keep clean and tidy—pleasant to work in. These are the features of this modern Gas Kitchen.

Whether you are building a New Home or Modernising your present dwelling, insist on Gas for the 4 Big Jobs—Cooking, Hot Water, Refrigeration, Heating. Select approved appliances at your Gas Company Showrooms.

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Twenty or fifty? What does your hair say? Restore its youthful colour and sheen with Napro Hair Dyes. Twenty-one becoming natural shades from chemists, stores and salons.



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NDR. 146

Stuart Crystal

It won't be very long now, we hope, before the sparkle of Stuart Crystal returns again to your table. This lovely English cut glass adds such graciousness to living and makes a wedding present that every bride treasures all her life through. Soon, it will be back, in charming new designs and many old favourites.



STUART & SONS LTD., STOURBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
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Flinders Lane, Melbourne. 210, Clarence St., Sydney.



HERE'S a bright suggestion for a simple but charming buffet setting for a small party. Candles and flowers give such a festive touch to the scene.

* *
RIGHT: Individual servings with eye appeal: Carrot, onion, celery, potato—cooked, cubed, bound with curry sauce, and topped with browned crumbs.



Prize recipe of the week...

HOME-DRIED APPLES

• While apples are plentiful make use of the first prize recipe on this page and have your own supply of dried apple rings for pies and tarts when apples are scarce.

CHOOSE good quality, sound apples, preferably of the cooking variety. The cores, seeds, and skins need not be wasted—use them to make a pot or two of apple-skin jelly.

Each week some enterprising homemaker wins £1 for a topnotch recipe... others collect consolation prizes.

Why not enter your home favorite—it may win you a prize.

HOME-DRIED APPLE RINGS

Two dozen apples, 1 level tablespoon salt, 2 quarts water.

Peel and core apples, cut into slices 1/4 in. thick. Drop immediately into cold salted water, allow to stand 10 minutes. Drain off water, place apple slices on a clean cloth to absorb excess moisture. Spread on muslin-covered wire racks and place in a very slow oven, leaving the door open. Dry very slowly until all moisture is removed. To test for dryness cut one or two rings in halves and squeeze the cut portion. No moisture should appear. Leave on wire trays until cold. Store in lidded jars in a cold, dry place.

First Prize of £1 to Miss I. Billett, 492 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

KIDNEY HOT-POT

Half a pound beef kidney, 2 carrots, 1 swede turnip, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon flour, 4 potatoes, pepper, salt, stock, chopped parsley.

Wash kidney, soak in cold salted water 1 hour. Remove skin and core, cut into cubes, roll well in flour, salt and pepper. Prepare vegetables, slice thinly. Place potato, carrot, turnip, onion, and kidney into a casserole in alternate layers, seasoning each layer and finishing with potatoes. Cover with stock. Cover tightly and cook in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1 1/2 hours. Sprinkle thickly with parsley before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Greenhill, c/o Mrs. Forbes, P.O. Schofields, N.S.W.

DATE AND LEMON FUDDING

Five ounces white breadcrumbs, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. chopped dates, 2oz. candied lemon peel, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1oz. loaf sugar, 1 teaspoon water, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 table-

spoons extra sugar, 1 tablespoon marmalade.

Mix breadcrumbs, sugar, dates, lemon peel, and grated lemon rind. Place loaf sugar and water into a saucepan and place over low heat until dark brown in color. Add milk and heat until caramel dissolves. When cold, pour on to beaten egg-yolks and add to dry ingredients. Place in a well-greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam gently 1 1/2 hours. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon marmalade. Serve pudding in hot slices topped with a spoonful of marmalade meringue.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Kerff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

SAVORY ONION SHORTCAKE

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 5 small onions, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, extra 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cayenne. Rub in shortening. Mix to a firm dough with milk and half the beaten egg. Spread in a deep greased tin. Chop peeled onions finely, fry lightly in hot fat. Add parsley, salt, balance of egg and milk. Pour on to mixture in tin. Bake in a hot oven, 400deg. F., 25 to 30 minutes. Serve very hot, cut in wedges, with savory meat casseroles.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Goldworthy, 245 Kelvin Grove Rd., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

FISH SAVORY

About 1 1/2 lb. flounder, snapper, or bream, 1 onion, 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, juice of 1 lemon or 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon curry powder, about 1 cup grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Steam fish until white and flaky, about 10 minutes. Drain and flake, carefully removing all bones. Place in a greased oven-dish. Add onion and celery. Beat egg, sugar, lemon juice, and curry powder. Add about 1/2 teaspoon salt and pour over the fish. Top with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. R. Schmid, Box 89, Renmark, S.A.



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An OXO Cube adds that touch of richness and beefy flavour to stew.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE AN OXO CUBE



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FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!

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The all-purpose face cream...

Its lovely quality is still maintained. You need no other cream.

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Taken regularly at bed time, these fine vegetable pills create that "inner well-being" which is the foundation of fitness, good spirits and personal charm.

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1/3 & 3/- a box.

BILE BEANS

"I feel brighter and ever so much better since taking Bile Beans. My complexion, too, is fresher and healthier in colour. Friends remark about the marked improvement in my health and appearance." — Miss F. G. Tucker.

"Mother you're lovely"

Dinner was over. They were in the lounge; coffee, cigarettes, and—just gossip.

BETTY (in mock seriousness): "Father, we'll have to do something with Mother."

FATHER: "What on earth is wrong?"

BETTY: "Oh, everything. Ever since that precious Creme Charmosan made her skin look so much younger and prettier we just can't do ANYTHING with her."

CLAIRE: "Yes, indeed. Look at her, 45, yet she looks about 33. Why, she's getting PRETTIER. Smart new frock, a new perm and SUCH a lovely skin. Why, it's—it's SCANDALOUS."

Everyone laughed and looked at Mother's lovely face. But, O—how her eyes were shining!

Creme Charmosan—bless its name—imparts sweet loveliness, charm, and fine-textured clearness to your skin.

Big jars 2/6, Tubes 1/- . Sold everywhere.

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Fashionable Silhouette

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Name _____

Address _____

For the not-so-slim

LIGHT, COSY CARDIGAN

• This is the kind of woolly that you'll wear with pleasure. It's non-bulky and oh, so warm.

ALTHOUGH this cardigan has been designed to fit size 42, it will stretch to fit sizes 43 and 44.

It's the kind of cardigan you'll find useful all the year round. You'll appreciate it in the chilly mornings to slip on while you're doing your housework or the family shopping.

Because it's so trim and smart it's the ideal woolly to wear with a dark skirt when spending a quiet evening at home.

In spring and summer you'll love it over light frocks or to pull on after playing a game of tennis. It is the type of cardigan that allows plenty of freedom of movement when you're playing golf. It's warm, and not too heavy.

It is lovely in the suggested color scheme, but you'd probably like to try something original and new, such as grey and cyclamen, turquoise and mustard, or burgundy and pink.

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: Patons "Beehive" 3-ply fingering (Patons' Shrink-resist finish), 100s.; small quantity of contrasting color (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; medium-sized crochet needle; press-studs; cotton-wool.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; width all round at underarm, 42in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 6in.

Note: This garment is made up on reverse side.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 8 sts. to the inch in width.

BACK

* Cast on 156 sts.
1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P. Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows three times. * Leave on spare needle, rep. from * to * once. Place spare needle at back of work and knit 1 st. from each needle to form hem. Work 13 rows st-st. Dec. once each end of needle in next and every following 8th row until 146 sts. rem. Work 7 rows without shaping. Inc. once at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 162 sts. on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures 14in. from commencement. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 116 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until work measures 21in. from commencement. Shape for shoulders as follows:—

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Work 5 rows on rem. sts., inc. once each end of every row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 82 sts., and make hem as



HERE is the specially designed cardigan for the not-so-slim. Though very simple in its styling, it is attractive. Original was knitted in a soft blue with navy crochet chains trimming the borders as shown.

given for back. Cast on 5 sts. (these sts. turn back to form hem on front edge). Work 13 rows. Dec. once at beg. of next and every following 8th row until 81 sts. rem. Work 7 rows without shaping, inc. once at beg. of next and every following 6th row until 91 sts. are on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures 14in. at armhole edge.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at same edge in every alt. row until 66 sts. rem. Continue without shaping until work measures 19in. from commencement, ending at neck edge.

Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once every alt. row until 38 sts. rem., ending at armhole edge. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next alt. rows. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next alt. rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working all shapings at opposite ends of needles.

SLEEVES

Cast on 88 sts. Work 20 rows in st-st. Inc. once each end of next and every following 6th row until 102 sts. are on needle. Cont. without shaping until work measures 6in. from commencement. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then

dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 38 sts. rem., then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

UNDERLAP

Cast on 10 sts.
1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P 6, k 4.
Rep. these 2 rows for 13in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew to sleeves. Turn back hems on front edges at back of neck and round sleeves with right side of work facing, and commencing inside front hem on right front, pick up and k 26 sts.

1st Row: K.
2nd Row: P.
3rd Row: K, inc. once in every 8th st.

4th Row: Cast off loosely. Turn hem back and sew in position. Work other side to correspond. Using crochet hook, make chain long enough to oversew front hems and back of neck, as illustrated. Make 2 shorter lengths of chain and oversew sleeves. Sew underlap in position on left front. Sew press-studs in position.

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THIS SKETCH of a living-room in a country home illustrates how simple bookcases and cupboards can be made in as to give interest and character to a room. Gaily printed cottons at windows and as chair covers and an air of freshness and color to the room. Rug or druggat can be easily rolled away for cleaning purposes.

Decorating the country home

● No matter the size or type, it should be planned for pleasant living, arranged and decorated to suit the climate.

By NORA S. McDOUGALL

Inside in Interior Decoration, New York; Lecturer in Home Decoration to the Australian Army Education Service.

MOST country homes possess deep verandahs, often on all four sides of the house—in order to protect the rooms from glare and heat.

Which is a good idea for summer. But when winter comes, what then? The rooms have a different story to tell. They are often dark, seem cold and uninviting.

How can we overcome this impression? The answer is—color.

Color can lighten our rooms, make them look larger or smaller, warmer or cooler.

Therefore, if the living-room faces the north, cool greens or blues should be the predominating color scheme. Or, if on the south side, then cheerful yellows, pinks, to reds.

The western side, with its cold morning shadow and hot, direct afternoon sun, should be a combination of warm reds or yellows with cool greens or blues.

But on the eastern side any color may be used. This aspect is the most of all to decorators, for it has the bright morning sun yet is protected from the afternoon rays.

These color principles apply alike to bedrooms, living-rooms, and kitchens of any home.

Dust storms can be felt in city and country alike, but the country house gets more local dust as it blows across the surrounding garden or paddocks.

To combat this menace, the choice of materials can help the busy housewife to restore to the rooms that look and smell of spotless freshness.

Fabrics that are washable are the most serviceable proposition.

Slip-covers can be made of them to fit snugly over heavier and warmer materials that are more appropriate for winter use. Linens or gaily printed cottons and gingham are light to handle and fit pleasantly into the surrounding scene.

Floors have their troubles: They must be draught and dust proof and yet easily cleaned.

When a room has much traffic or is used steadily by a number of persons, a wall-to-wall line helps to shut out the draughts and dust.

To obtain a greater feeling of luxury and warmth, a carpet-square, or perhaps several smaller uniform rugs, can be added. These can be easily rolled and taken out to clean.

Furniture for the country home must play its part in giving that comfort and rest needed for tired bodies after hours in the open air.

Perhaps the actual shape of chairs may differ from those used in a town house, but the plan and placing of them can be the same. The size and shape of each person should be considered when buying chairs, so as to give the maximum ease for relaxation.

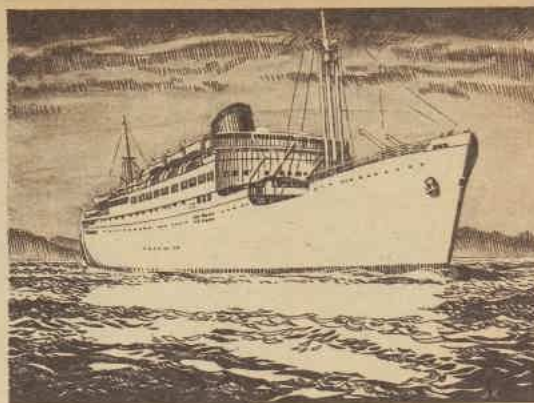
Built-in cupboards forming storage space for periodicals and papers, shelves for books and flowers, can all be planned to be beneficial to the occupants of the house.

Only pieces that are necessary, and no overcrowding of furniture or ornaments should be permitted, for this only means more work for an already full day.

Lighting can be a difficult question when lamps and candles are the only source of artificial light. Lights should be placed so that they give sufficient illumination, equally distributed, to the whole room, thus avoiding too many dark shadows and brilliant spots of light, which are most trying to the eyes.

Pictures have their place in all rooms, adding spots of color to the scene, and by their subject matter interest the beholder, but too many can defeat this objective.

Let's choose our pictures with discretion, so that they will give an accent to our decoration and not just fill a space on the wall.



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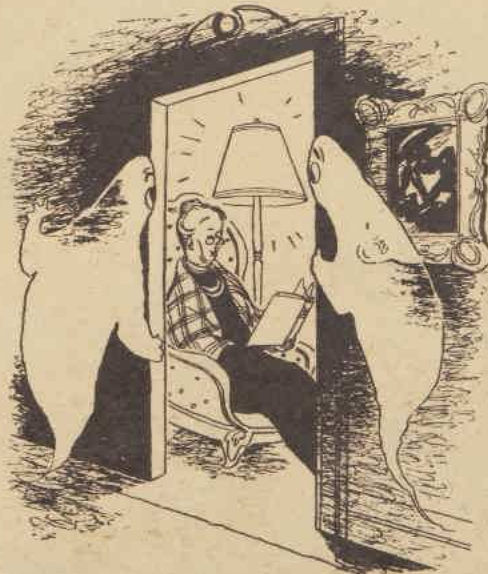
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